

G.I.
JOE

10c

G.I. Joe

52 BIG PAGES

ANC



KOREAN FAMILY MAN

A Pup, A Kid, and Joe!

No. 6
DECEMBER



G. I. Joe's Own Story...
IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB

Introducing
FRANKIE OF THE PUMP
The Best Cook In The Army!

★ ARMY FACTS ★

A KITE USED BY THE ARMY TO TRAIN ITS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS CAN BE MADE TO CLIMB, DIVE, BANK, LOOP, DO FIGURE-EIGHTS, ETC. THIS KITE IS RARELY HIT BY MORE THAN ONE OUT OF 50 SHOTS, EVEN BY THE MOST EXPERT GUNNERS.



A RADIO DEVICE USED BY THE U.S. ARMY CAN DETONATE ONE OR THOUSANDS OF LAND MINES, PLANTED AS FAR AWAY AS 20 MILES, BY CAUSING THEM TO REACT TO THEIR OWN FREQUENCY TRANSMITTED THROUGH A CODE DIALING SYSTEM.



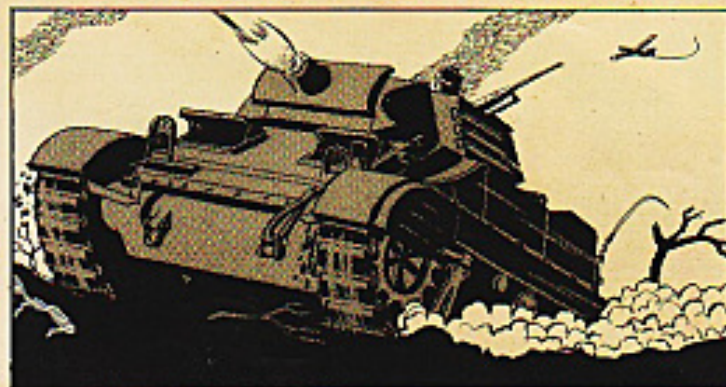
THE UNITED STATES ARMY HAS ITS OWN NAVY. MORE THAN 5,000 VESSELS ARE OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNCLE SAM'S LAND FORCES TO CARRY PERSONNEL AND SUPPLIES IN AMPHIBIOUS ATTACKS.



THE U.S. ARMY'S 240-MM HOWITZER IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOBILE GUN. DESIGNED TO DESTROY FORTIFICATIONS, IT HAS A 27-FOOT BARREL AND SHOOTS A 360-POUND PROJECTILE MORE THAN 14 MILES.



THE NAME "TANK" ORIGINATED WHEN THE BRITISH BEGAN SHIPPING THEIR NEW SECRET WEAPON ON FREIGHT CARS IN 1914. THE CRATES WERE MARKED "TANKS" IN ORDER TO CONCEAL THEIR REAL IDENTITY.



TO COVER 50 MILES AN ARMORED DIVISION REQUIRES 2,800 GALLONS OF OIL AND 14,000 GALLONS OF GAS.



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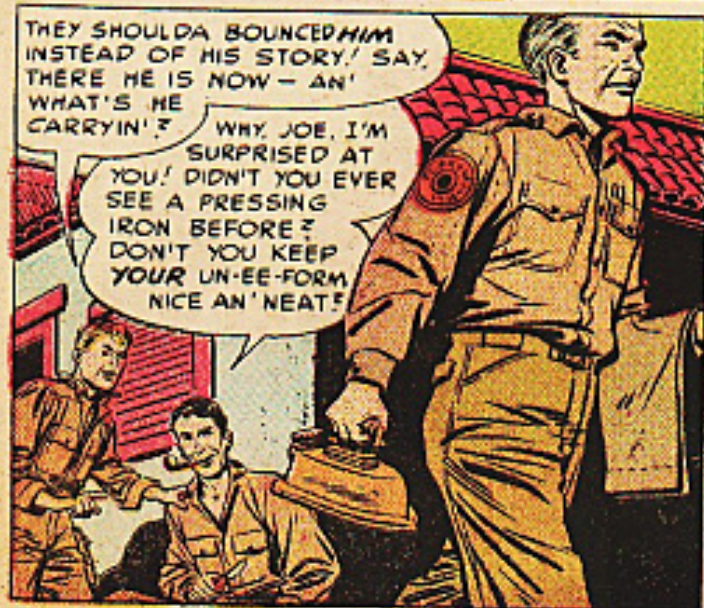
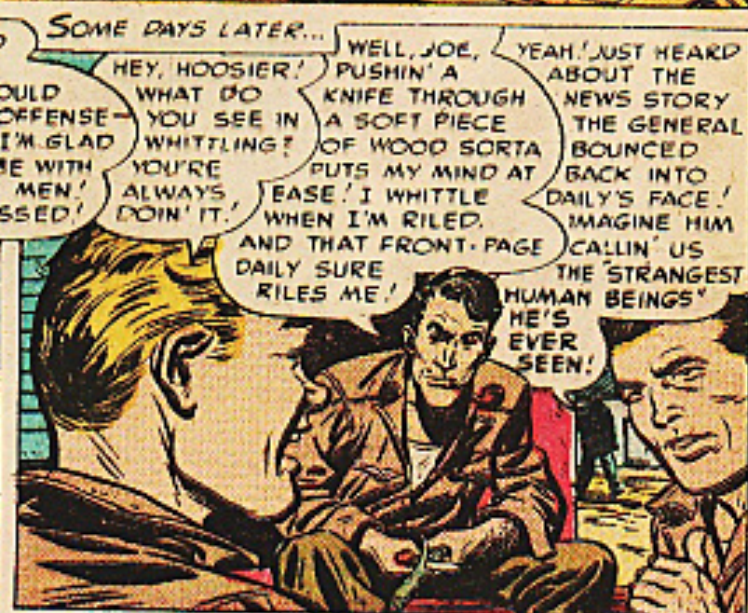
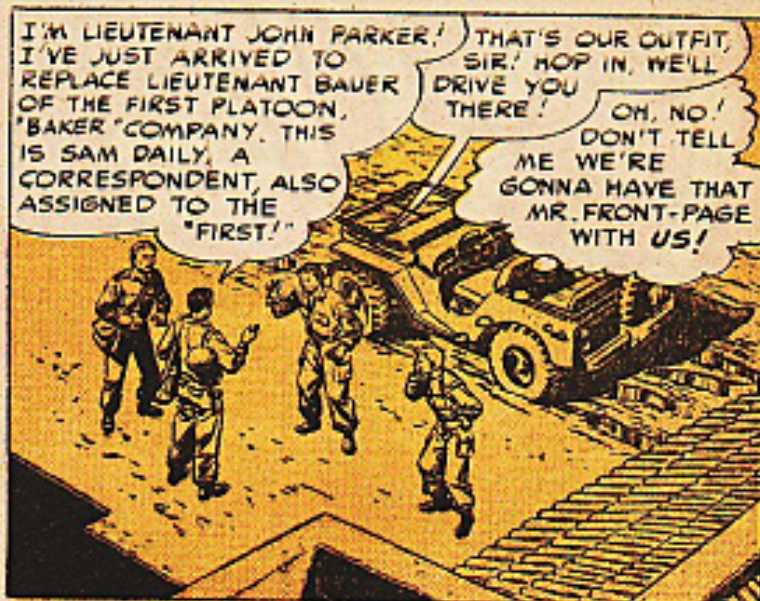
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G.I. Joe

in IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB!





HEY, SARGE! I JUST GOT THE WORD! WHAT'S UP!

DON'T KNOW, JOE! THE JUNIOR BRASS IS INSIDE THERE! LT. ROYAL AND THE HARVARD MAN, LT. PARKER! THEY KNOW WHAT'S UP! IT LOOKS BIG, KID!



THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BIG PUSH TO CATCH THE COMMIES IN A GIANT PINCH, AND DRIVE THEM INTO THE SEA! LT. ROYAL, YOUR OBJECTIVE IS THIS FARMHOUSE RIGHT AT THE JUNCTION. WE HAVE TWO DIVISIONS DUE TO CONVERGE THERE AT PRECISELY 2312 HOURS! **THE FARMHOUSE MUST BE OURS BEFORE THEY ARRIVE!!**



WE'RE USING YOUR PLATOON, LIEUTENANT, SO AS NOT TO GIVE AWAY OUR MOVE TO THE LARGE RED FORCES BEYOND THE FARMHOUSE. WE MUST TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE! SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES, MEN, IT IS NOW 1603 HOURS. YOU HAVE SEVEN HOURS, NINE MINUTES, GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN KING!



A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB IS NEVER DONE, AND OFF HE GOES AGAIN. WHERE? HE DOESN'T KNOW—AND HE DOESN'T ASK!

Y'KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO WHEN I GET OUT, SARGE? I'M MARRYIN' SIDSIE, AN' WHEN I WALK DOWN THAT AISLE, S'HELP ME, THAT'S THE LAST MARCHIN' I'M GONNA DO!

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AN' TAKE A LOOK AT MR. DAILY? HE'S WEARIN' A RAIN-COAT SO'S HE WON'T SLOP UP HIS UNIFORM!



WHATTAYA DO IN THE INFANTRY? YA MARCH, YA MARCH, YA MARCH...
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

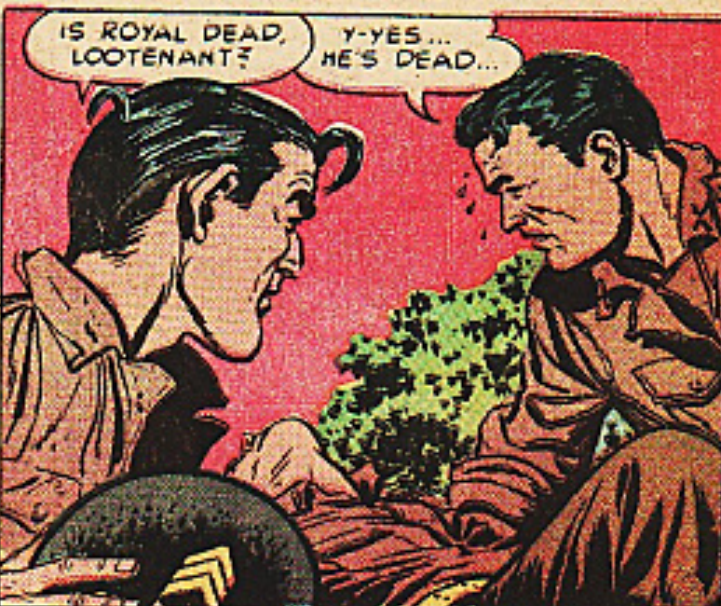
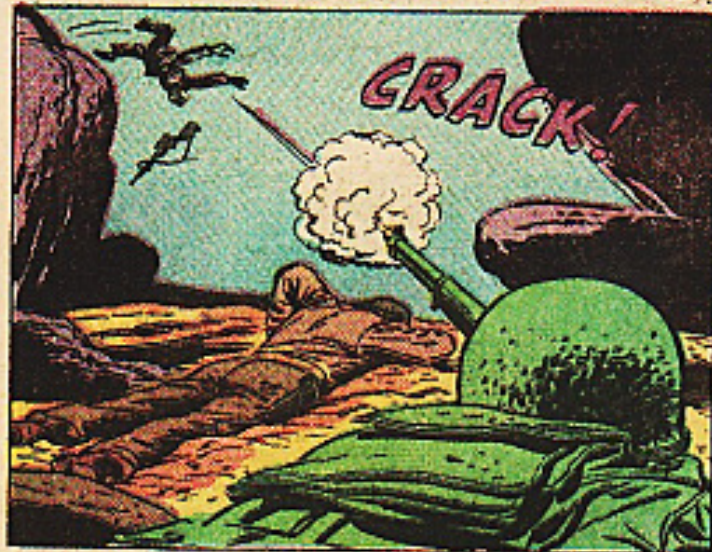
SO THIS IS THE KOREAN WAR? WHY, THESE MEN SOUND LIKE THEY'RE GOING OUT ON A PICNIC!



HIT THE DIRT!



M-1 FLIES TO SHOULDER, SAFETY CATCH CLICKS, A REVERBERATING CRACK, AND THE RED SNIPER FALLS!



IS ROYAL DEAD, LOOTENANT?

Y-YES... HE'S DEAD...

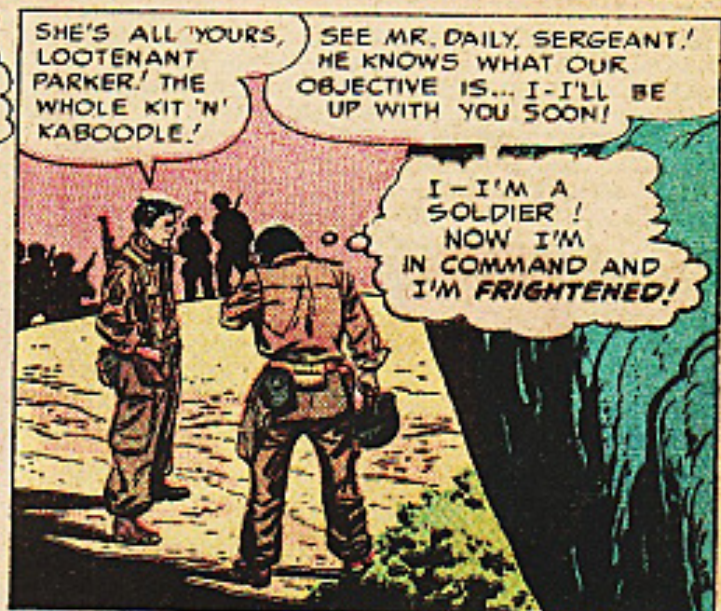


ROYAL WAS A GOOD JOE!

I LIKED THAT GUY!

WONDER WHO'S NEXT?

I'M JITTERY! I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAN DIE BEFORE!



SHE'S ALL YOURS, LOOTENANT PARKER! THE WHOLE KIT 'N' KABOODLE!

SEE MR. DAILY, SERGEANT! HE KNOWS WHAT OUR OBJECTIVE IS... I-I'LL BE UP WITH YOU SOON!

I-I'M A SOLDIER! NOW I'M IN COMMAND AND I'M FRIGHTENED!

THIS IS AN ODD WAR... A WAR CORRESPONDENT BRIEFS AN ARMY SERGEANT! BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, AND ONCE AGAIN THE FOOT SOLDIER MARCHES. FINALLY, THE OBJECTIVE IS SIGHTED...

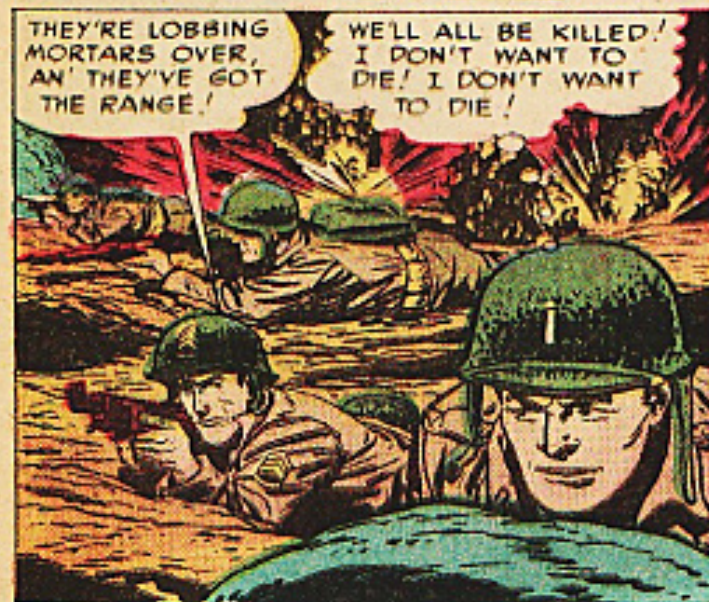
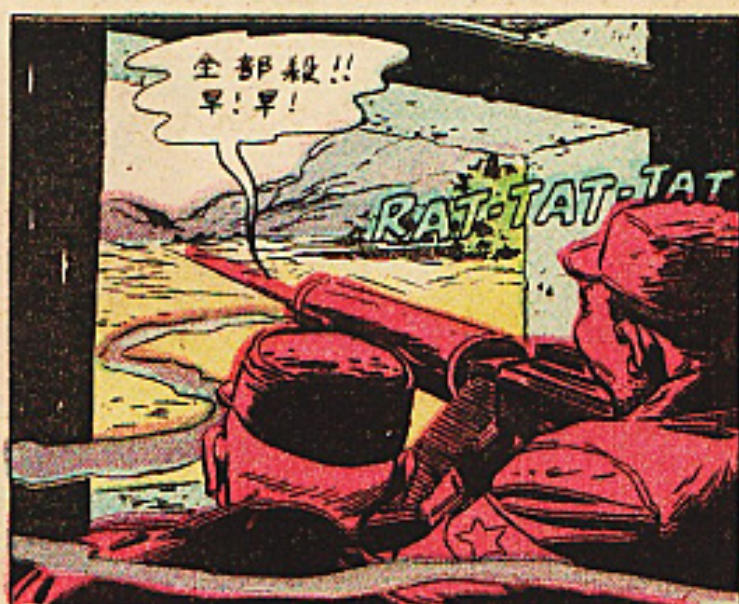
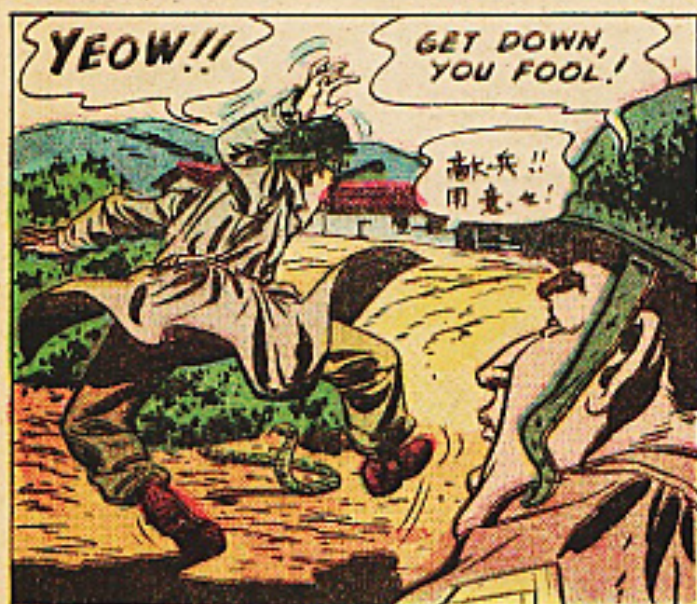


OKAY, GUYS, THERE'S THE FARMHOUSE! HIT THE DIRT AND SPREAD OUT!

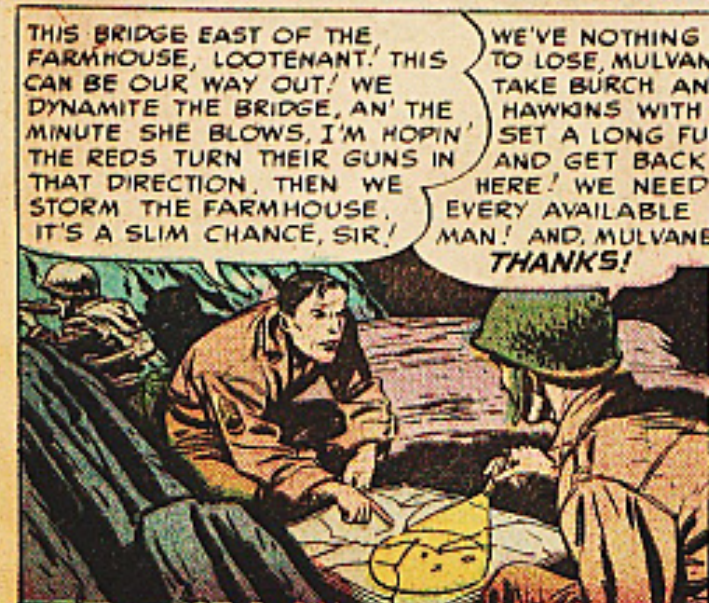
WE'RE IN LUCK, SARGE! THE REDS DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!



START ADVANCING, MEN! DON'T NOBODY MAKE A SOUND!



THE FIRING CONTINUES INTO THE NIGHT, AND THE FIRST PLATOON IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE...



THREE G.I.'S AND ONE NEWSPAPERMAN, HOLDING THE FATE OF A HUGE OFFENSIVE IN THEIR HANDS, ARRIVE AT THE BRIDGE...



NOW LOOK, WE GOTTA MAKE THIS SNAPPY! OUR BOYS ARE GONNA BE AT THE FARMHOUSE IN THIRTY MINUTES. THIS OPERATION IS TOO BIG TO HAVE THEIR SCHEDULE SLOWED DOWN BY A SHACK FULL OF REDS!

C'MON, JOE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE RED GUARDS, AN' BLOW THE BRIDGE! HAWKINS AND DAILY, YOU STAY HERE!

OKAY, SARGE! I GOT MY M-1 TRAINED ON THOSE GUYS JUST IN CASE!



I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF, HOOSIER! I KEPT THINKING THAT KOREA WAS A PICNIC! IT ISN'T!

MR. DAILY, KOREA IS THE BEGINNING OF THE COLOR WHEEL. THE RIVERS ARE RED WITH BLOOD, THE HILLS ARE RED WITH BLOOD, AND THE KREMLIN WANTS TO SPREAD ITS RED ALL OVER THE WORLD. WE'RE HERE TO PAINT SOME BLUES AND GREENS WHERE THEY BELONG... AN' IT AIN'T A PICNIC!



A COUPLE MORE STEPS...





GOOD WORK, JOE! NOW LET'S BLOW THIS BRIDGE INTO TOOTHPICKS!



MINUTES ARE PRECIOUS. SWEATY HANDS WORK FAST, THE DYNAMITE IS SET, AND...

ONE SLIM CHANCE—THAT'S ALL IT IS—AND A MAJOR OFFENSIVE HANGS IN THE BALANCE. MINUTES LATER, THE FOUR MEN RETURN...



HOPE THIS WORKS!

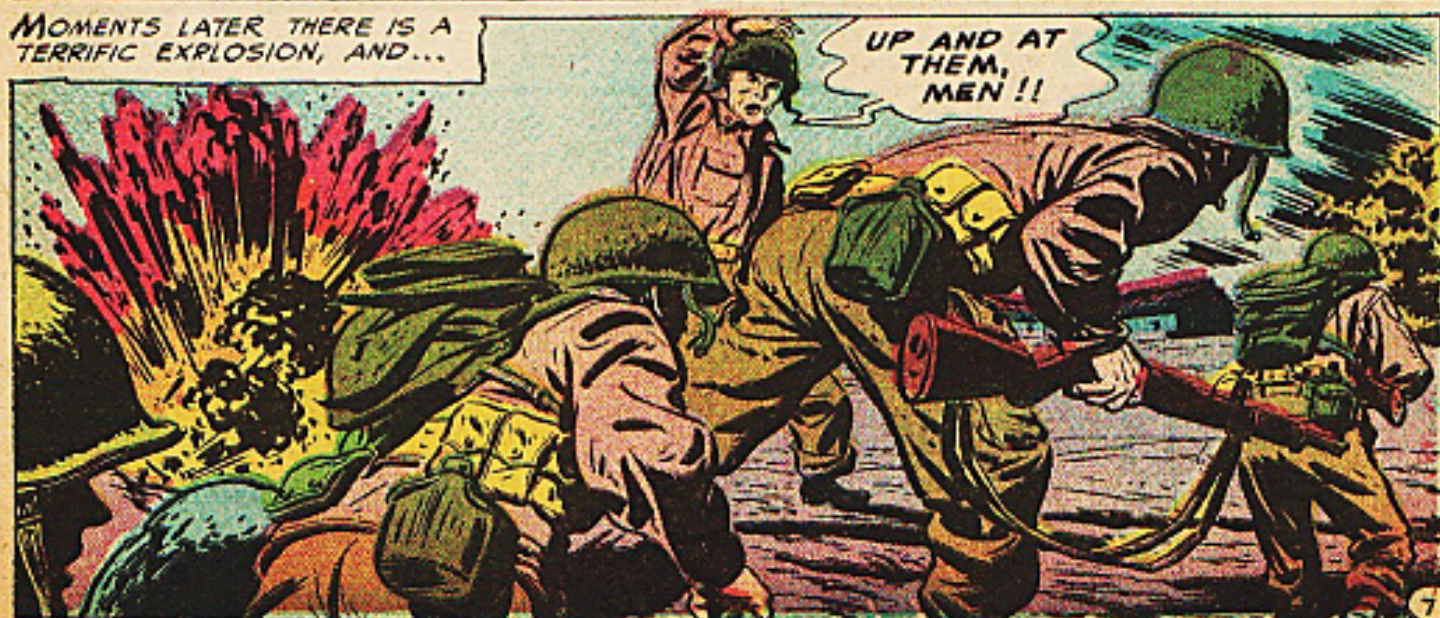
JOE, YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUTA MY MOUTH!



SHE SHOULD BLOW ANY MINUTE, LOOTENANT!

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU FELLOWS! I'VE ALREADY SPREAD THE WORD! THE MEN ARE READY!

MOMENTS LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND...



UP AND AT THEM, MEN!!

A SLIM CHANCE - BUT IT PAYS OFF AS THE COMMUNISTS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE...

AND MINUTES LATER, AT PRECISELY 1212 (11:12) HOURS, THE UN JUGGERNAUT ROLLS ON...



THE HUGE OFFENSIVE BEGINS, CATCHING THE RED FORCES UNAWARES, AND BY MORNING, THOUSANDS OF REDS ARE WALLOWING IN THE SEA...



AND ONCE AGAIN, REST FOR THE WEARY FOOT SOLDIERS WHO HAD PATIENCE WITH A GREEN LIEUTENANT...

AND PATIENCE WITH A WAR CORRESPONDENT WHO LEARNED THAT NO WAR IS A PICNIC...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! AFTER ME...
FAIR HA-A-YARD, THY SONS TO THY
SONS TO THY JUBILEE
J THROG... F

FAIR HA-A-YARD,
THY SONS TO THY
JUBILEE THROG...

OH, NO! THIS
SHOULD HAPPEN
TO MY
COMPANY!

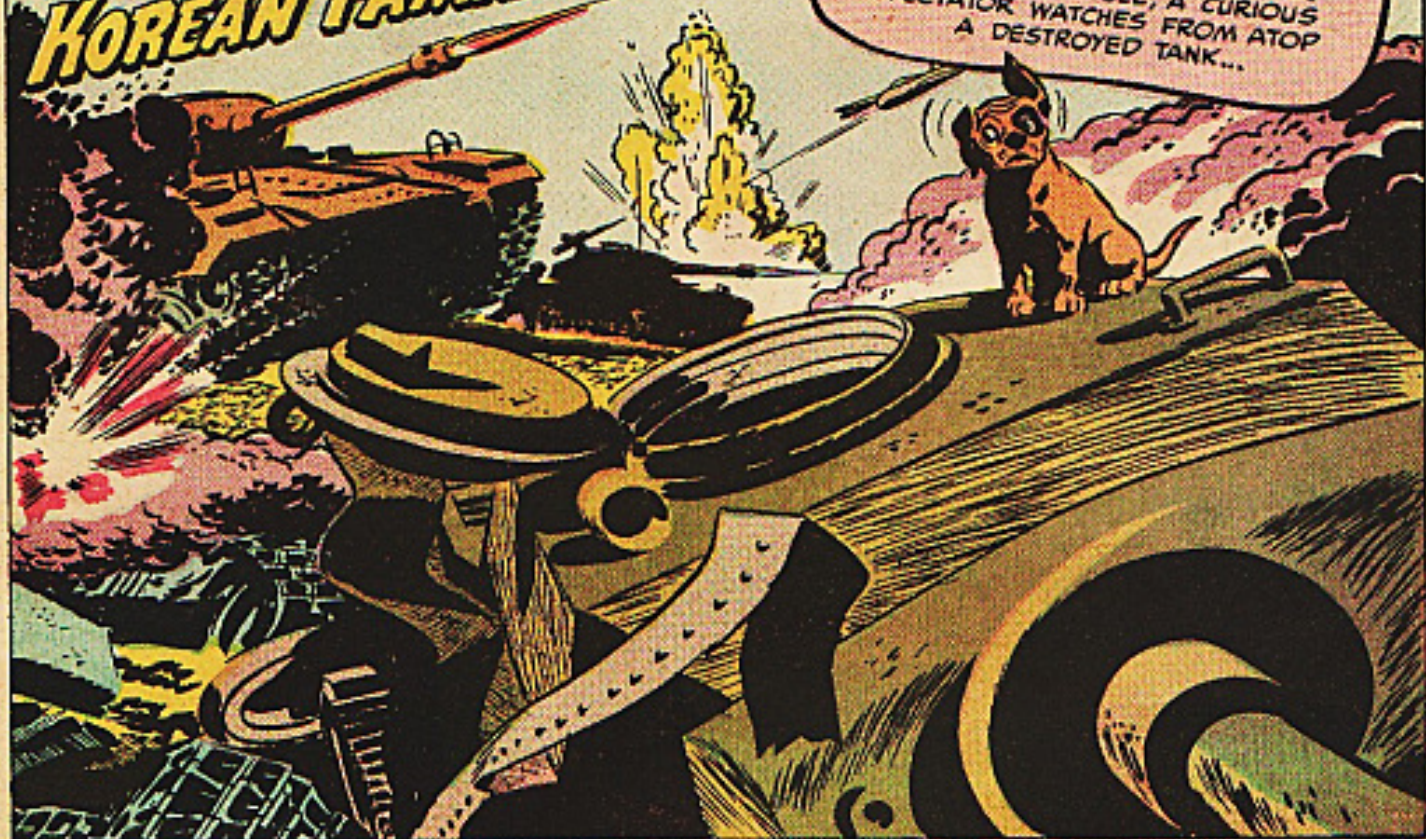
WE STARTED PAINTING THE FIELDS GREEN
AGAIN, THE SEA BLUE AGAIN... IT'S A
BIG JOB, BUT JOE, MULVANEY, HOOSIER
AND THE OTHERS ARE DOING IT - FOR
IT'S A FOOT SOLDIER'S JOB...



The End

G.I. Joe in Korean Family Man

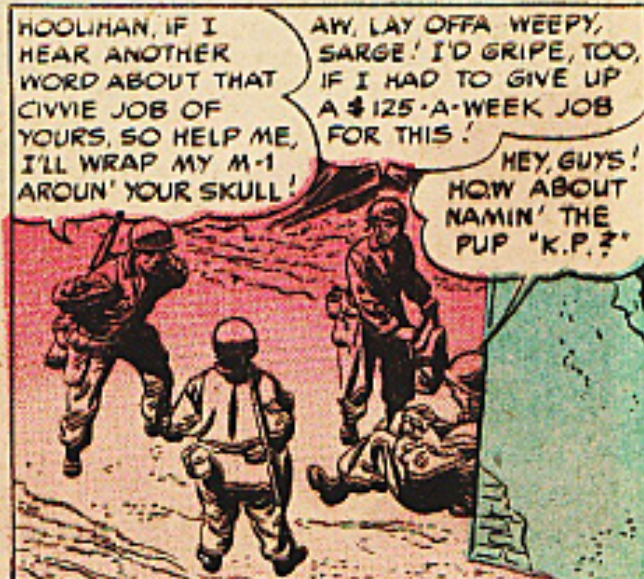
OUR GI IS A LONELY MAN, FINDING COMFORT ONLY IN THE SMALL REMINDERS OF HOME. HIS POSSESSIONS ARE FEW: HIS WEAPON, THE DEADLY AMMO, LETTERS FROM HOME AND, PERHAPS, A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS FAVORITE GIRL. HE TREASURES THESE OBJECTS AND RESISTS STUBBORNLY WHEN ANYTHING FORCES HIM TO PART WITH THEM! OUR STORY OPENS IN THE MIDST OF A BLOODY BATTLE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. AS THE GIANT MONSTERS OF WAR HURL THEIR HOT STEEL, A CURIOUS SPECTATOR WATCHES FROM ATOP A DESTROYED TANK...

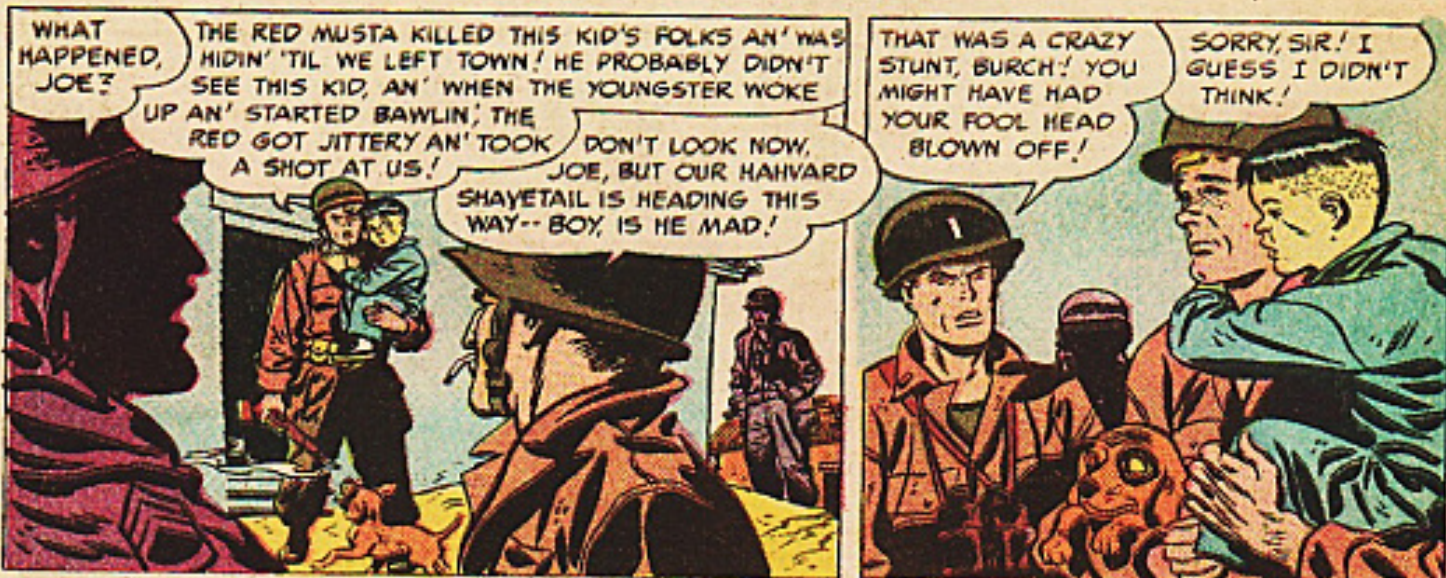




THE UN ARMIES MOVE FORWARD, THEY FINALLY STOP IN A DESERTED KOREAN TOWN...







WHAT HAPPENED, JOE?

THE RED MUSTA KILLED THIS KID'S FOLKS AN' WAS HIDIN' 'TIL WE LEFT TOWN! HE PROBABLY DIDN'T SEE THIS KID, AN' WHEN THE YOUNGSTER WOKE UP AN' STARTED BAWLIN', THE RED GOT JITTERY AN' TOOK A SHOT AT US!

DON'T LOOK NOW, JOE, BUT OUR HANVARD SHAYETAIL IS HEADING THIS WAY-- BOY, IS HE MAD!

THAT WAS A CRAZY STUNT, BURCH! YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD YOUR FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF!

SORRY, SIR! I GUESS I DIDN'T THINK!

I DON'T WANT ANY HEROICS IN MY OUTFIT, BURCH! MEN LIKE YOU ARE TOO VALUABLE! NOW GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER. WE'RE MOVING ON!

MINUTES LATER THE MEN ARE ONCE AGAIN ON THE MARCH...

HEY, POPPA JOE, I HOPE YOU DON'T MEET A ELERPHANT ON THE ROAD! WHERE YA GONNA PUT HIM?

SAY, POPPA, REMIND ME TO BUILD YA A PAROOSE-BAG LIKE THE INJUNS USE!



WILL YOU GUYS LAY OFF? THESE LITTLE TYKES LOOK HUNGRY! THEY CAN HAVE MY LAST TWO MEATBALLS!

THANKS, MEATBALL!

MANY HOURS PASS, AND FINALLY A SMALL RIVER IS REACHED...

WE'LL CAMP HERE, MEN! SERGEANT MULVANEY!

COWIN, SIR!

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, SERGEANT! WE KNOW THE REDS ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE! THEY'RE JUST WAITING FOR US TO CROSS, AND THEN - **BANG!** WE'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF COMMUNIST FIRE! HEADQUARTERS HAS PICKED US TO LEAD THE ATTACK, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?

I WISH I KNEW, SIR! I WISH I KNEW...



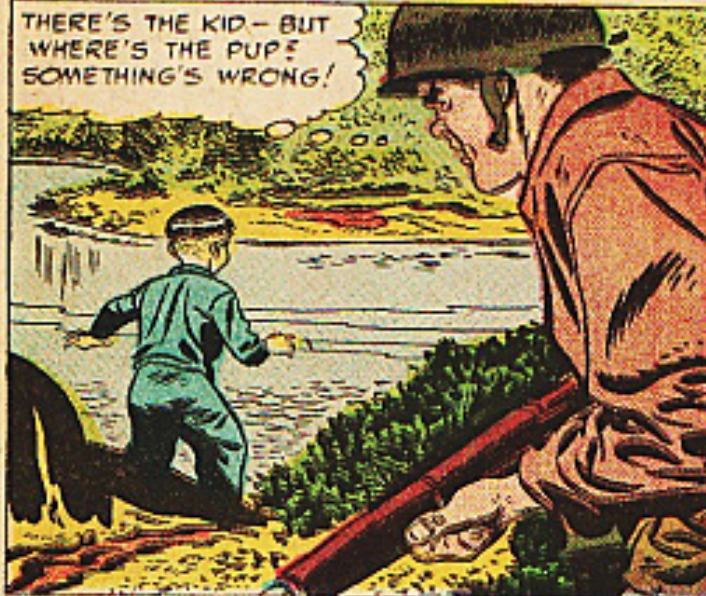
G'NIGHT, KIDS! SLEEP TIGHT...
POPPA JOE'LL TAKE
CARE OF YA!



SLEEP COMES EASILY TO THE WEARY G.I., BUT AT
THE BREAK OF DAWN JOE STIRS, AND SUDDENLY
AWAKENS TO FIND...



THERE'S THE KID - BUT
WHERE'S THE PUPE?
SOMETHING'S WRONG!

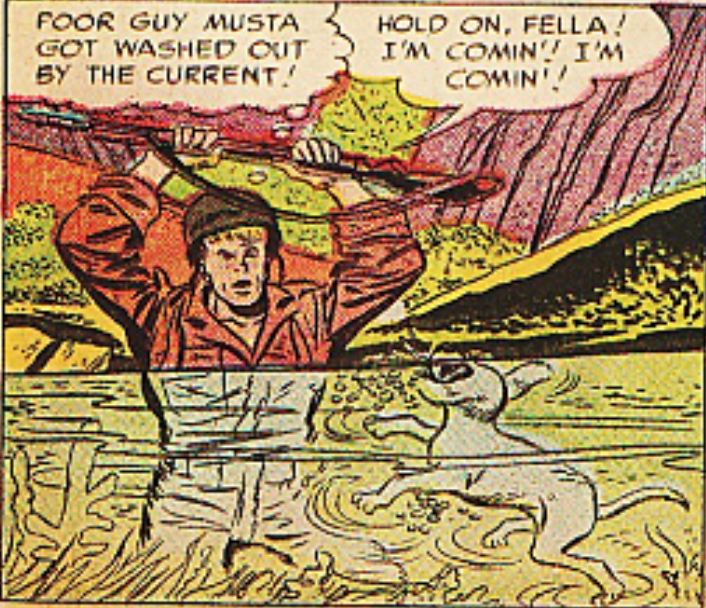


IT'S K.P.! HE'LL DROWN!
I GOTTA SAVE HIM!

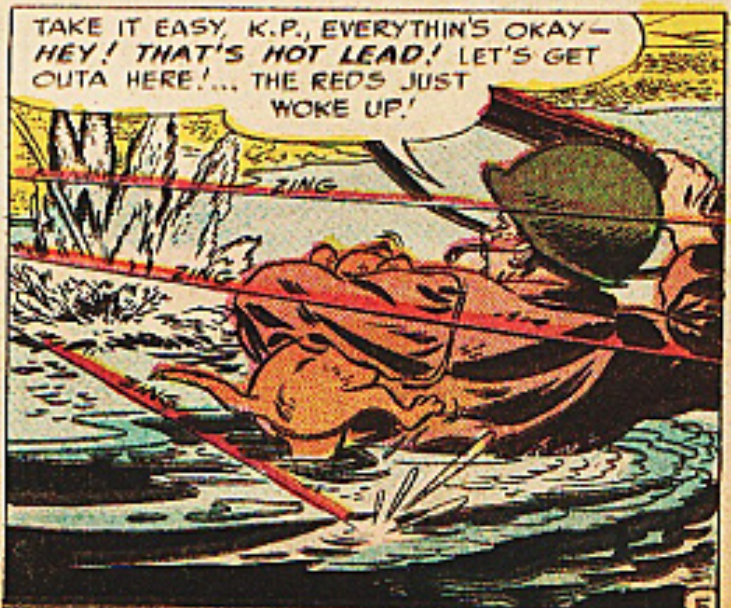


FOOR GUY MUSTA
GOT WASHED OUT
BY THE CURRENT!

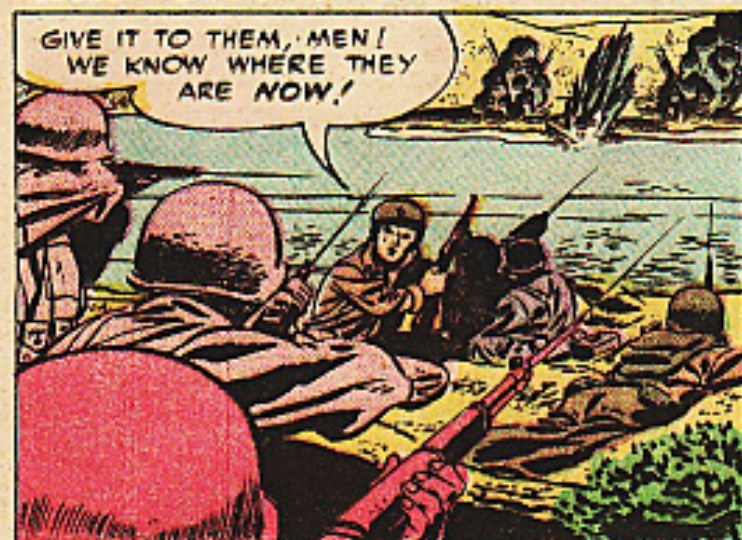
HOLD ON, FELLA!
I'M COMIN'! I'M
COMIN'!



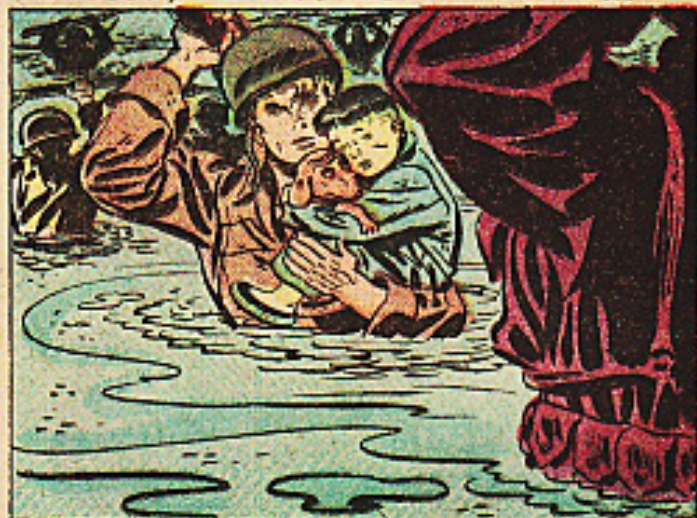
TAKE IT EASY, K.P., EVERYTHIN'S OKAY -
HEY! THAT'S HOT LEAD! LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!... THE REDS JUST
WOKE UP!



AND BACK ON SHORE THE COMMUNIST GUNS HAVE ROUSED THE MEN, AND THEY SPRING INTO ACTION...



THE FIRING CONTINUES FOR HOURS, AND THEN—SILENCE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER. CAUTIOUSLY, THE G.I.'S BEGIN TO CROSS...



OUR FIRE POWER WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM! ON THE DOUBLE, MEN! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF LEGWORK TO DO IF WE'RE TO MEET MAJOR BAILY ON SCHEDULE!



AN HOUR LATER THE FIRST PLATOON ARRIVES IN A BATTERED KOREAN TOWN...



AND SOON MAJOR BAILY ARRIVES RIGHT ON SCHEDULE...



FINE! FINE! SAY, SOLDIER, WHAT'S THAT YOUNGSTER DOING HERE! BRING HIM TO ME!

YOUNGSTER, MAJOR? I—UH—YES, SIR!



LOOK, MAJOR BAILY—
HE'S NO TROUBLE,
HONEST HE AIN'T! I'LL
WATCH OVER HIM! PLEASE
DON'T TAKE HIM FROM ME!

THIS IS WAR, PRIVATE!
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT
TO DEPRIVE THIS
YOUNGSTER OF A
HOME! HE'S SEEN
ENOUGH OF WAR!
HE'LL BE BETTER OFF IN AN
ORPHANAGE! I'LL SEND
HIM TO PUSAN!

GOOD-BYE, KID! DON'T WORRY, I'LL COME
TO SEE YOU WHEN ALL THIS IS OVER!
YOUR POPPA JOE WON'T LET YOU
DOWN! GOOD-BYE...

DRIVE HIM TO SEOUL, SIMPSON!
HE CAN GET A LIFT TO
PUSAN FROM THERE!

YES, SIR!

WAIT! DON'T
GO YET! HOLD IT!

LOOK, KID! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT THAT YOU
AIN'T GOT A HOME! EVERYTHIN' WAS TAKEN
FROM YA! BUT WE'RE GONNA
PAY YOU BACK! AN' HERE'S
OUR FIRST INSTALLMENT!

FORWARD
MARCH!

THE END

BUDDIES

in FRANKIE of the PUMP!

C'MON, YOU GUYS!
LET'S HUSTLE! YA DON'T
WANNA MISS
CHOW, DO YA?

CLOSE TO CHOW
TIME? WOW! I'M
NOT MISSIN' ONE O'
FRANKIE'S MEALS!
LET'S DOUBLE-
TIME IT!

EVERY OUTFIT HAS ITS GOLDBRICKS. "BAKER" COMPANY IS NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO CHOW, IT NEVER FAILS TO HAVE 100 PER CENT ATTENDANCE. COMPANY COOK FRANCOIS DE LA SALLE IS RESPONSIBLE, FOR HIS SUPER-DOOPER COOKING IS THE TALK OF KOREA. AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE SEE A SMALL INFANTRY PATROL ON ITS WAY BACK TO CAMP...

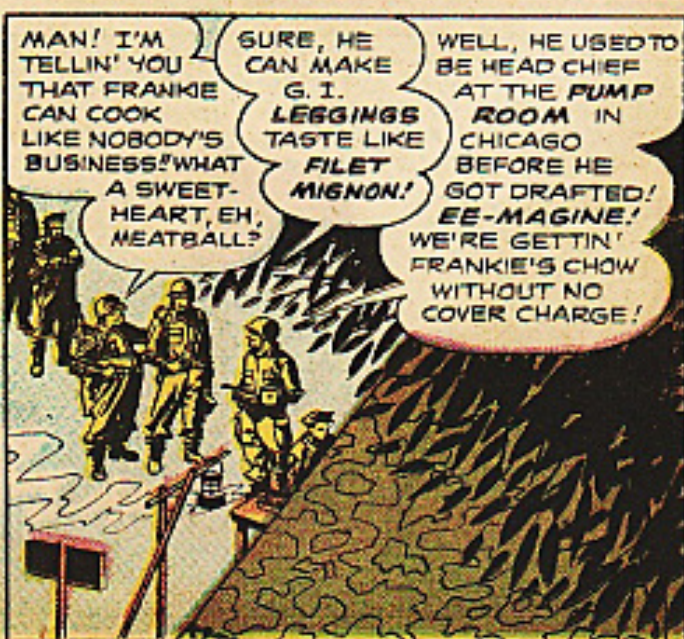


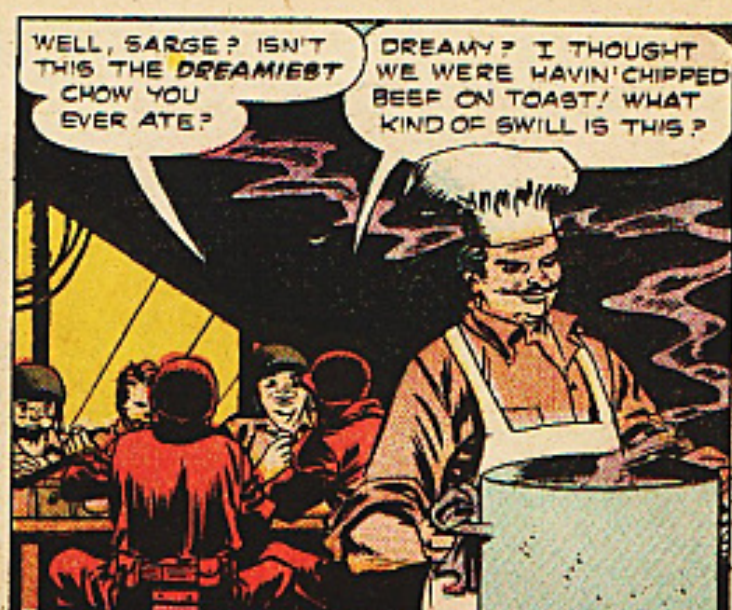
GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT WE DINE ON ZE CHEEPEE BEEF ON A SHINGLE A-LA-PORT-MANTEAU... AND ZE BOUQUET, SHE BEZ DEVINE!

MAN! I'M TELLIN' YOU THAT FRANKIE CAN COOK LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS! WHAT A SWEET-HEART, EH, MEATBALL?

SURE, HE CAN MAKE G. I. LEGGINGS TASTE LIKE FILET MIGNON!

WELL, HE USED TO BE HEAD CHIEF AT THE PUMP ROOM IN CHICAGO BEFORE HE GOT DRAFTED! EE-MAGINE! WE'RE GETTIN' FRANKIE'S CHOW WITHOUT NO COVER CHARGE!





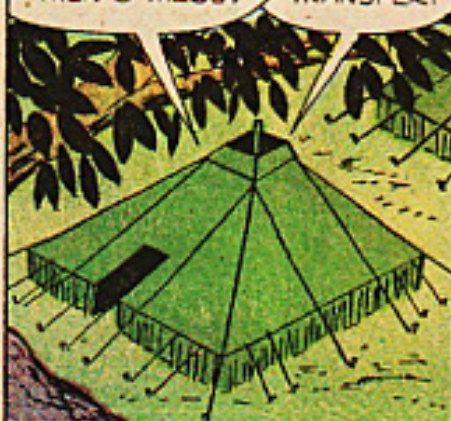
A FEW MOMENTS LATER,
INSIDE THE COMPANY
COMMANDER'S TENT...



HELLO,
FRANKIE,
WHAT'S
ON YOUR
MIND?

CAP-
TAIN KING, I HAVE
COME TO REQUEST
ZE TRANSFER! I
HAVE COOK MY
LAST MEAL FOR ZIS
BAKER COMPANY! I
AM NOT WANTED HERE!

WHAT? WHY, THAT'S ASSURD!
THE MEN LOVE YOUR COOK-
ING! WHY, EVEN
THE COMPANY
OFFICERS AND I
EAT IN THE ENLISTED
MEN'S MESS!



CAPTAIN,
PLEASE!
I WANT ZE
TRANSFER!

BY
GEORGE,
I WON'T
LET YOU
GO!

THROW ME IN ZE
STOCKADE! SHOOT ME
IN ZE SQUAD ZAT
FIRES! BUT NEVER
WILL FRANCOIS DE LA
SALLE COOK OUT
ANNOZER DROP OF
FOOD FOR ZE BAKER
COMPANY.



MEANWHILE, WORD
HAS SPREAD AND IN
"CHARLIE" COMPANY...



...AND
THAT'S
HOW I
HEARD IT,
CAPTAIN
JEROME!

FRANKIE
OF THE PUMP
WANTS OUT?
I'LL GO SEE
COLONEL
MACREADY
RIGHT AWAY!

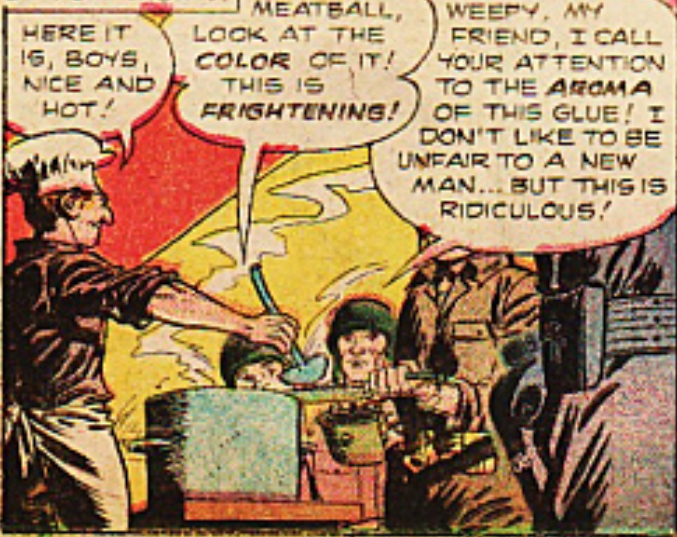
AND IN A
FEW MINUTES...



...VERY KIND
OF YOU TO
AUTHORIZE THE TRANSFER,
COLONEL! YOU CAN BE SURE
WE'LL TREAT FRANKIE
BETTER THAN BAKER
COMPANY DID!

CAPTAIN JEROME,
I DON'T CARE
WHAT COMPANY
HE'S IN AS LONG
AS HE STAYS
HAPPY... AND IN
MY COMMAND!

THE NEXT DAY BAKER COMPANY IS ASSIGNED A
NEW COOK, AND THE BOYS RELUCTANTLY LINE
UP FOR CHOW...



HERE IT
IS, BOYS,
NICE AND
HOT!

MEATBALL,
LOOK AT THE
COLOR OF IT!
THIS IS
FRIGHTENING!

WEEPY, MY
FRIEND, I CALL
YOUR ATTENTION
TO THE AROMA
OF THIS GLUE! I
DON'T LIKE TO BE
UNFAIR TO A NEW
MAN... BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!

DEEEELICIOUS!
MMMM! I'M
GOING BACK FOR
SECONDS!



WEEPY, WHAT'S
THE PENALTY
FOR STRANGLING
A "FELLOW
WARRIOR" IN
THIS HERE
ARMY?

DON'T
BOTHR,
MEATBALL
THAT
SECOND
HELPING
IS BOUND
TO DO THE
TRICK FOR
US... I
HOPE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CHARLIE COMPANY MESS...

OH, MAMA! SMELL THAT LOVELY STUFF!

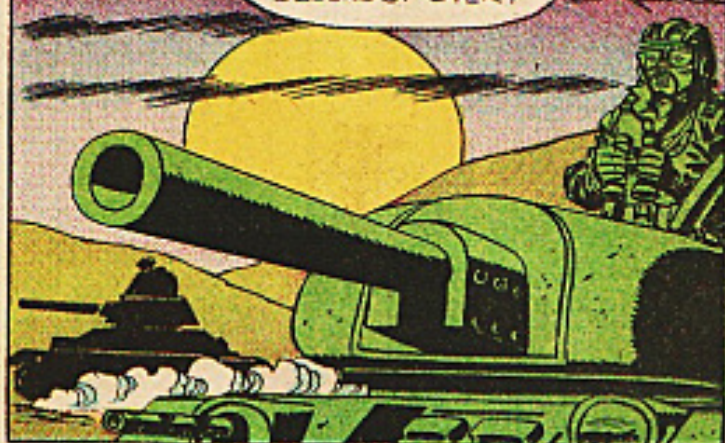
ZERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN! I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT!

FRANKIE, DON'T FORGET TO SAVE SOME FOR COLONEL MACREADY AND HIS STAFF -- THEY'RE COMING IN NOW.



BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN A COMMUNIST TENT...

HELLO, HEADQUARTERS. THIS IS TANK CAPTAIN WU HAN READY FOR ATTACK. REQUEST ARTILLERY SUPPORT IN NINETY SECONDS! OVER!



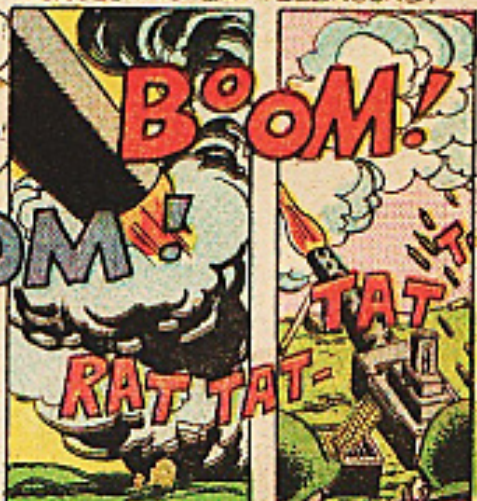
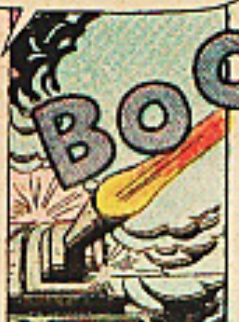
FRANKIE, THIS SPANISH OMELET IS SUPERB! MY COMPLIMENTS!

COLONEL MACREADY! BEGGIN' YOU PARDON, SIR, BUT THE REDS ARE MAKIN' A SNEAK ATTACK!

WHAT!! LIEUTENANT ROGERS, RADIO IMMEDIATELY FOR TANKS FROM GHQ! CAPTAIN JEROME, HAVE YOUR MEN FORM A REPULSE LINE!

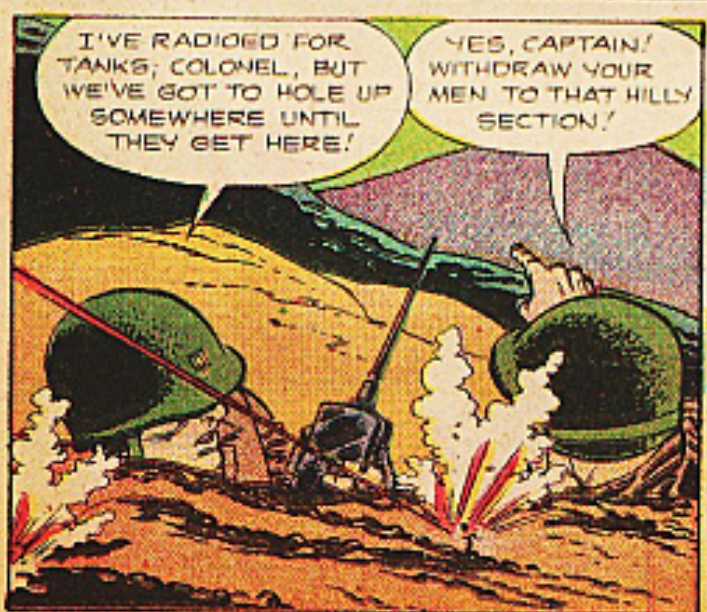
YES, SIR! BATTLE STATIONS!! BREAK OUT BAZOOKA TEAMS! RECOILLESS RIFLEMEN AND ANTI-TANK CREWS TO YOUR POSITIONS! **ON THE DOUBLE!**

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE QUIET REST CAMP HAS TURNED INTO A SCREECHING BATTLEGROUND!



I'VE RADIOED FOR TANKS, COLONEL, BUT WE'VE GOT TO HOLE UP SOMEWHERE UNTIL THEY GET HERE!

YES, CAPTAIN! WITHDRAW YOUR MEN TO THAT HILLY SECTION!



MEANWHILE, BAKER COMPANY, THE NEAREST TO THE EMBATTLED "CHARLIE" G.I.'S, MOVES IN FOR ATTACK...

ALL RIGHT, MEN, DIS IN AND HOLD 'EM 'TIL OUR TANKS ARRIVE!

I THINK WE CAN GET THEM WITH BAZOOKAS, SIR! THEY'RE CONFUSED NOW!



THE BAZOOKA ACTION OF BAKER COMPANY IS TOO MUCH FOR THE REDS, AND THEY RETREAT BACK TO THE FIELD...

THAT DID IT, SIR! WHEN OUR TANKS GET HERE, THEY CAN GO IN AFTER THEM!

RIGHT! NOW, CAPTAIN KING, LET'S LOOK TO OUR WOUNDED.



ACTION REPORT IS SIX DEAD, EIGHTEEN MEN WOUNDED AND ONE MAN MISSING... PROBABLY TAKEN PRISONER!!

AN' THAT MISSIN' MAN IS... **FRANKIE DE LA SALLE!**



LA SALLE A PRISONER? ISN'T THAT "FRANKIE OF THE PUMP?"

HENSHAW! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!



MESSAGE FROM GHQ, SIR! ALL OUR TANKS ARE TIED UP IN ACTION TO THE NORTH! WE CAN'T GO IN AFTER THOSE REDS!

OH, NO! FRANKIE... OUR FRANKIE! HENSHAW! I COULD STRANGLE YOU!

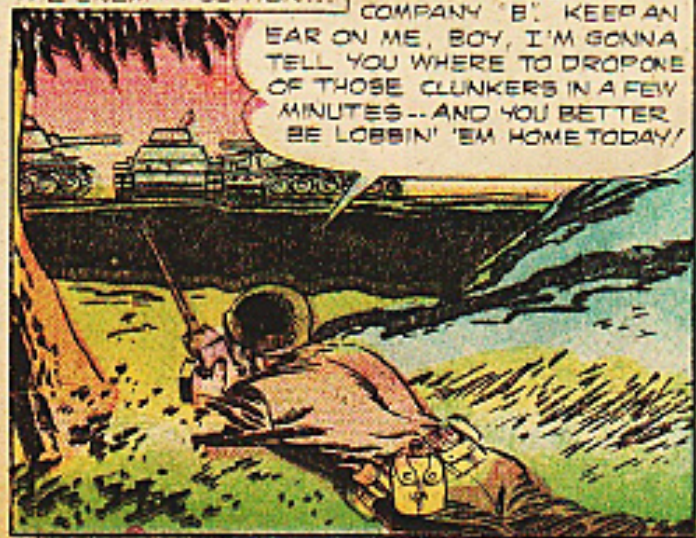


OKAY, LOUDMOUTH! YOU WANT FRANKIE BACK SO BAD? I'LL GO IN AND GET HIM FOR YOU! GIMME THAT TELEPHONE!



IN A FEW MOMENTS HENSHAW REACHES THE ENEMY POSITION...

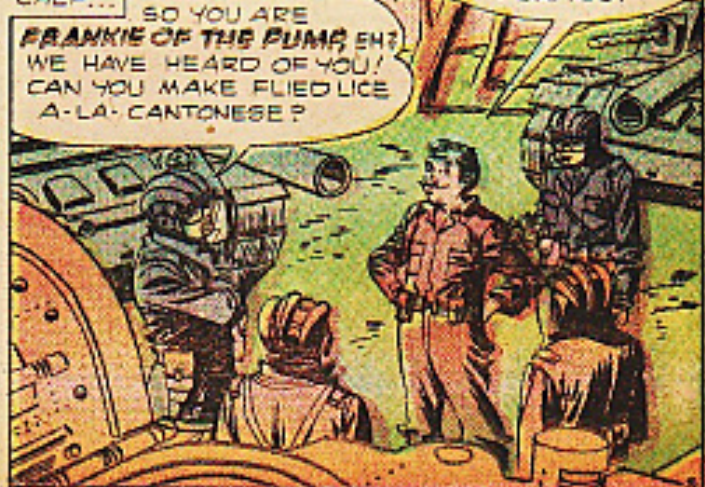
HELLO, ARTILLERY! THIS IS SCOUT BLUE FROM COMPANY "B." KEEP AN EAR ON ME, BOY, I'M GONNA TELL YOU WHERE TO DROP ONE OF THOSE CLUNKERS IN A FEW MINUTES--AND YOU BETTER BE LOBBIN' 'EM HOME TODAY!



AND MEANWHILE THE RED TANK CREWS, FEELING MOMENTARILY SAFE, QUESTION THE CAPTURED CHEF...

SO YOU ARE **FRANKIE OF THE PUMP**, EH? WE HAVE HEARD OF YOU! CAN YOU MAKE FLIED LICE A-LA-CANTONESE?

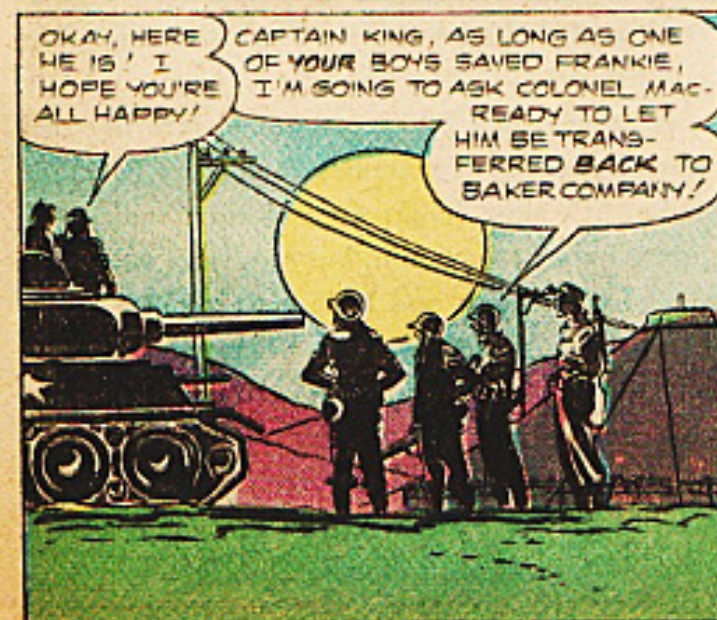
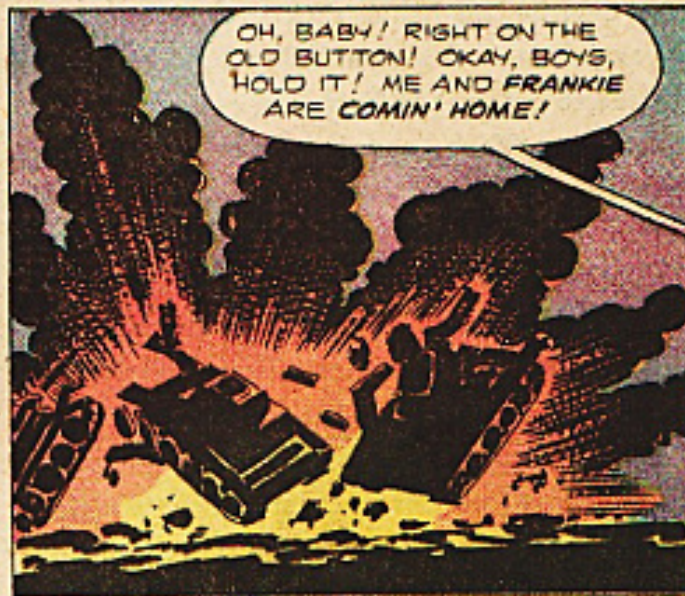
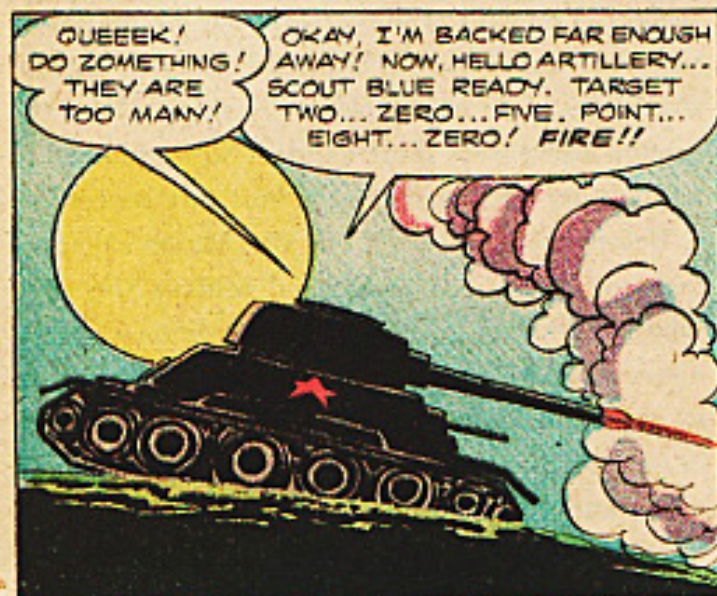
ZAT IS AN INSULT! I CAN MAKE ANY-ZING! BUT NOT FOR YOU!



SERGEANT HENSHAW TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE LULL TO PUT HIS BOLD PLAN INTO ACTION...



SUDDENLY, HENSHAW WHEELS THE RED TANK AROUND AND...



AND SO, LATER THAT NIGHT, FRANKIE WHIPS UP A REAL FEAST FOR HIS OLD BUDDIES OF BAKER COMPANY. AND FOR HENSHAW A SPECIAL DISH...



AIR FORCE BLUES

What is it with you dogfaces? How come you always think us Air Force Joes live a life of ease and luxury. Now if I was a swabbie wearing bell bottoms, sailing around on a nice clean ship, I could go for that guff. But here you are giving me a lot of malarkey about how good the Air Force food is, how we sleep late, never do anything dangerous. Huh! Seems to me I heard the same line when I was still back in the States. Stateside duty, boy! That's for me!

"Join the Air Force," they said. Good food, clean living, regular hours, safer than sleeping in your own bed at home. Pick your overseas base if you join now. Yak, yak! Boy, how I've always wanted to get over to Paris and go out with those ma'mselles. Yeah, and have tea and crumpets with some of those cute British gals. So what happens?

Everything is nice and quiet in the world, until I join up. No sooner do I put on my Air Force blues than the North Koreans decide they like South Korea better and figure it's time to move in.

I join up and put in for European duty—they tell me those frauleins are pretty nice, too. But it seems General Eisenhower don't need me over there. Seems General Ridgway personally requested that I join him in a little patrol duty over Korea way. Who am I to argue? We fuel up our bomber and in a couple of hops, Hawaii, Guam, Tokyo—bing! We're in on this patrol action.

It's not so bad in Korea except that it gets mighty cold when it's not being mighty hot. They got no in between, you know. Just hot and cold. Besides which I've got the loneliest job in the Air Force—rear gunner. Let me tell you, guys, it's no fun flying up there at twenty-thousand feet, lying on your belly, with your back to the rest of the crew, looking down over four miles of nothing. You see where you came from, but you don't see or know where you're going.

Either of you guys ever fly before? No, I guess you haven't. Let me tell you about the last flight I made. I remember I rolled into my sack about midnight. We had just come back in from a mission on a target on the Yalu River. We didn't hit up with much Red resistance on that one. Only got shot up a little by a couple of jets that tore by so fast that we didn't know they were there until they were gone. Didn't hurt us bad, though—only peeled off part of one wing.

We were dog-tired when we made it back to the base. But the Air Force is like the Cavalry in one respect. You got to take care of your mount before you bed yourself down. Well, old "Snortin' Suzie," that's the name of our ship, was shot-up and the ground crews were short handed. So we pitched in and got her back in shape the best way we could.

Before we could sack out the Major called us into the operations shack and told us the good news. "Fellows," he says, "I need you on a special mission. There's a particular power plant that we want to knock out and it's a one plane job—sneak in fast, hit the target and out." Of course, the old man went on, he didn't want to rush us, but would we be ready for briefing at 0500 hours. Boy! In from a tough mission and us with only five hours staring us in the face before we go shooting off on another dilly.

It seemed like I had just rolled into my sack when somebody is pounding me on my back and yelling it's time to get up and start rolling. Go jump, I start to tell him, but some fool turned on the barracks lights and I kind of recognize Major Morrisson standing over me. I figured that this is all a dream, but the minute my tootsies hit that cold concrete floor, buddy, that was no dream. How come Korea is the coldest, dampest place in the world at four o'clock in the morning? FOUR O'CLOCK? I took a double check on my chronometer. How d'ya like that? They tell us 0500

and here they come waking us up at 0400. What kind of war is this? So half-awake I stagger into my flight gear. I remember someone half-pushing, half-leading me out to the truck that carried us over to the mess hall.

Breakfast at four o'clock in the morning. That tasty, delicious food you guys are talking about. SCRUMPTIOUS dehydrated eggs; that LOVELY greasy bacon and coffee—COFFEE? The North Korean fifth column, you mean! If the jets don't get you the coffee will.

Just in case you're not already sick they got a special guy to finish the job. All he does is drive a jeep back and forth between the operations office and the flight line. He must hate his job because he treated that jeep like it was a wild bronco needing to be busted. I didn't mind that so much but there were seven other guys in that jeep including myself—not to mention the powdered eggs, greasy bacon and, ugh, coffee.

Well, by the time the tower had cleared our bomber for take-off I was a mighty unhappy fly-boy. All I did was lie there in the tail on my belly and groan. But sick or no, it's a tremendous feeling when you feel those props take hold. Suddenly you feel yourself lifted away from the earth. And there's nobody closer to that sensation than the tail-gunner.

You think a lot of funny things up there. It's another world—and don't think I'm going corny on you when I tell you that up there, alone, with nothing but the clear sky around you, you really feel close to God. No kidding, it really gets you.

Well, anyway, there we are at twenty-thousand feet, 'buzzing along for our target. No fighter protection, no escort, *no nothing*. I'm thinking about how nice it is back in the barracks in the sack. I'm trying to remember what a chocolate ice-cream soda tastes like. I'm thinking of ma'mselles and frauleins when ZOOM—ZOOM—ZOOM! Just like that, three flashes of lightning go zooming by. Only that's not lightning, buster, those are rockets—and not the Fourth of July kind! Here I am dozing

like a dope and don't have my intercom tuned in. No sooner do I tune it in than I get the story, loud and clear. We hit the jackpot, a whole nest of YAK's. Russian-built fighters to you dogfaces.

They're buzzing around us like a bunch of hornets. From what I can make out there's three of them.

"YAK twelve o'clock high!" I hear the skipper shout. The waist gunner yells out that he picks him up at three o'clock. This guy is coming from up high and making a pass and maybe intends to come up underneath I figured. Well, fellows, put me up at the head of the class. This YAK comes by at six o'clock whistling like a tea kettle. He kept right on going and straight for the deep six 'cause I laid it into him with a solid burst from the .50 caliber right on the schnozz.

The other boys aren't doing too bad, either. Suddenly the plane jumps like we've been caught up in a tidal wave and I look down—right down into a huge inferno with tremendous clouds of smoke puffing up. While we were busy fighting off these planes the skipper brought old Snortin' Suzie in on the target and the bombardier laid his eggs right down the slot. "Mission accomplished." Now to get home.

The two YAK's that were left made a couple of more passes and then scooted off for home. I guess they kinda had their fill of U.S.A. .50-caliber slugs. Suzie was snorting and sputtering, but you can't keep an old mare down. We limped along and finally pulled back to our home base. You know, with all my griping, that old beat-up runway sure looked good to me.

What, you going already, guys? Thanks for coming up to the hospital to see a beat-up fly-boy. Can I help it if that cross-eyed Red hit me with the first rocket blast? Just careless of me to have got in the way, that's all. And look, if you get to see any of them ma'mselles or frauleins when you're reassigned, say hello for me, will ya? Looks like I'm stuck here for a while...

THE END

G.I. Joe in 23 NOTCHES FOR ZEB!

BY JINGO! I GOT ME ANOTHER ONE, JOE!

THE BATTLING G.I. IS A VERY BUSY MAN, BUT HE STILL FINDS TIME TO THINK AND TO WORRY ABOUT HIS LOVED ONES. THAT IS WHY THE NEWS FROM HOME HAS A GREAT EFFECT ON THE EFFICIENCY OF THIS FIGHTING MACHINE. THIS IS THE STORY OF ZEB MCCrackEN, THE 18-YEAR PRIDE OF KENTUCKY. OUR SCENE IS A BATTLEFIELD NORTH OF SEOUL, WHERE G.I. JOE BURCH'S OUTFIT, THE FIRST PLATOON, "BAKER" COMPANY, IS DWELLING WITH THE ENEMY... AND WE SEE MCCrackEN DOING THE THING HE LIKES BEST - FIRING HIS SHOOTIN' IRON...

HOW MANY NOTCHES YOU GOT NOW, ZEB?

23!! ONE MORE'N WE GOT IN THE FAMILY BACK HOME. IT GOT SO BAD IN OUR CABIN THAT THAR WAS NO MORE ROOM. SO I FIGGERED I MIGHT AS WELL JOIN UP - AN' HERE I AM...

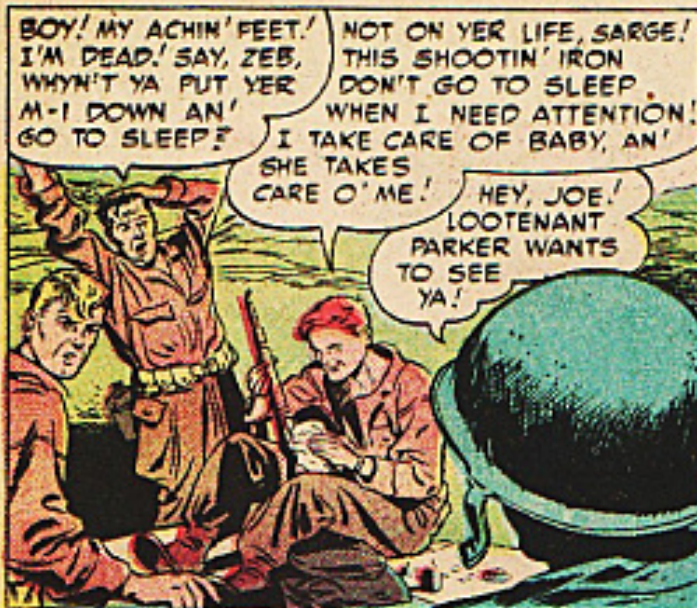
UP AND AT THEM, MEN!

COMBAT TIRES A MAN, BUT THE WEARY FIRST PLATOON HAS A JOB TO DO AND IT RISES TO SEEK OUT A FLEEING FOE...

LISTEN TO OUR HARVARD LOOTENANT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN, WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE! FALL OUT!!

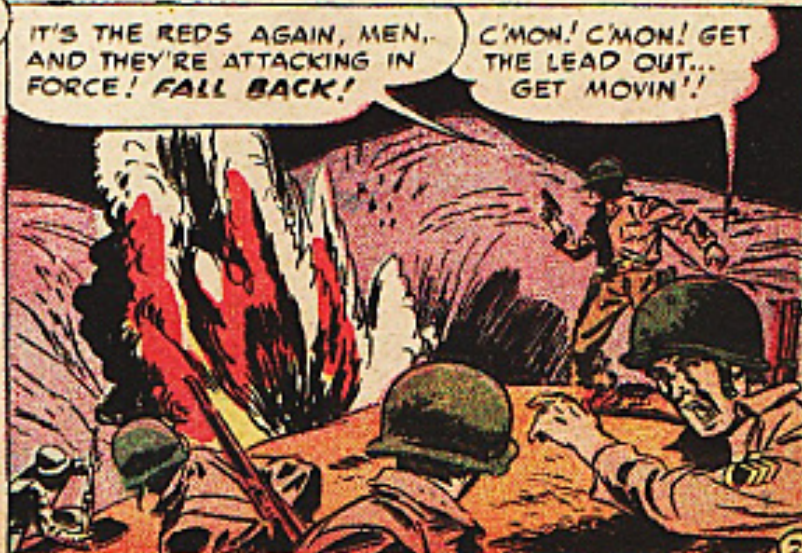




DEAR SUSIE, GET OUT THAT PRETTY BLUE DRESS - I'M COMIN' HOME. IMAGINE, BABY, 30 DAYS WITH YOU! THE LOOTENANT JUST TOLD ME TO BE READY TO SHOVE OFF TOMORROW...



SUDDENLY THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY AN OMINOUS ROAR - ENEMY ARTILLERY!!





YA GUYS TIRED
OF LIVIN'?
C'MON, MOVE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO'S WORSE,
THAT MULVANEY
OR THE REDS!

JUST MY LUCK!
WHY'D THEY
PICK A TIME
LIKE THIS TO
START AN ATTACK?

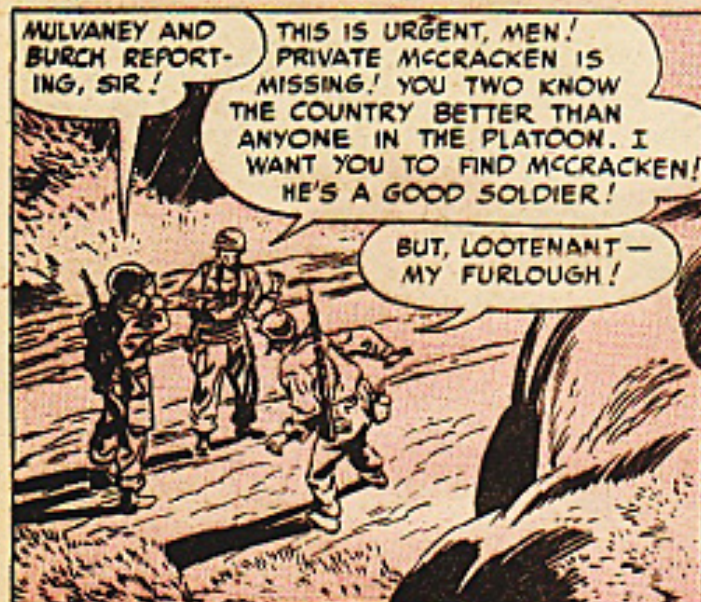


HEY, SARGE, JOE!
FRONT AN'
CENTER! THE
LOOIE WANTS
YA!

SOMETHIN' MUST
BE UP! ON THE
DOUBLE, BURCH—
ON THE DOUBLE!

I JUST
GOTTA GO
HOME! I
JUST GOTTA...

HUH? OH,
SURE, SARGE,
SURE THING...



MULVANEY AND
BURCH REPORT-
ING, SIR!

THIS IS URGENT, MEN!
PRIVATE MCCrackEN IS
MISSING! YOU TWO KNOW
THE COUNTRY BETTER THAN
ANYONE IN THE PLATOON. I
WANT YOU TO FIND MCCrackEN!
HE'S A GOOD SOLDIER!

BUT, LOOTENANT—
MY FURLOUGH!



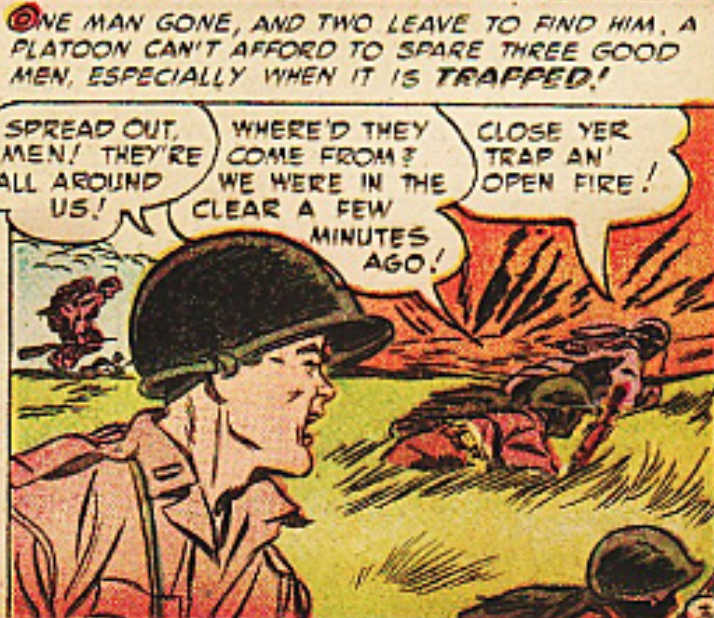
GOOD GRIEF, BURCH! THE
REDS ARE LAUNCHING A
MAJOR OFFENSIVE AND
YOU WORRY ABOUT A
FURLOUGH! FIND
MCCrackEN! **THAT'S
AN ORDER!**

YES, SIR,
LOOTENANT!



"BUT, LOOTENANT—
MY FURLOUGH!"
HOW STOOID
CAN YA GET?

AW, SHUT UP!
LET'S GO FIND
ZEB!

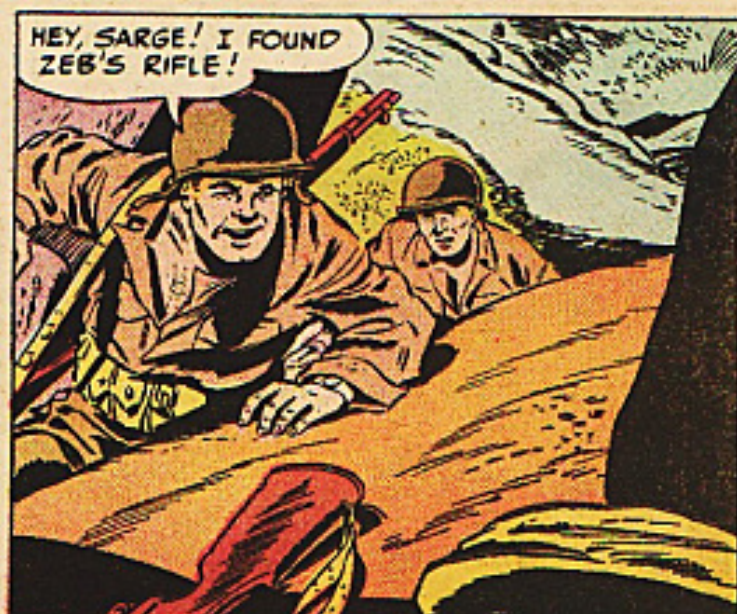


ONE MAN GONE, AND TWO LEAVE TO FIND HIM. A
PLATOON CAN'T AFFORD TO SPARE THREE GOOD
MEN, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS TRAPPED!

SPREAD OUT,
MEN! THEY'RE
ALL AROUND
US!

WHERE'D THEY
COME FROM?
WE WERE IN THE
CLEAR A FEW
MINUTES
AGO!

CLOSE YER
TRAP AN'
OPEN FIRE!





HOURS LATER THE THREE WEARY GI'S RETURN...

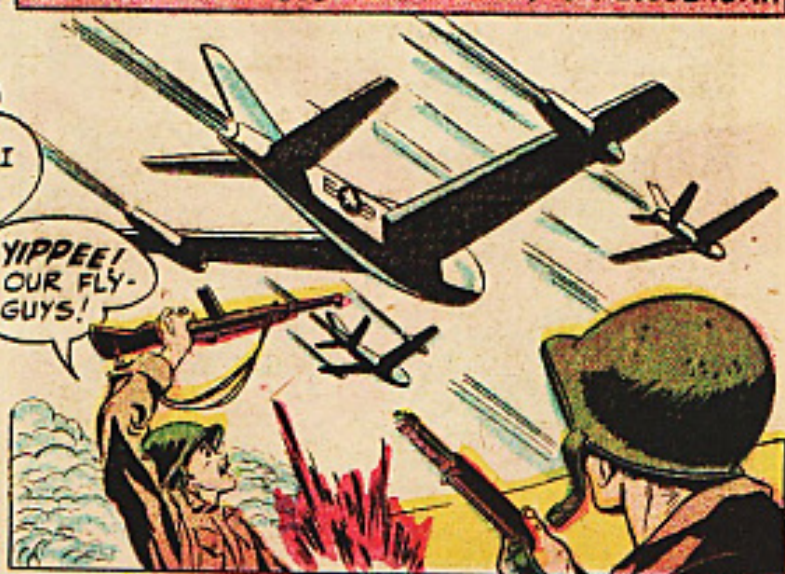


THE DISTANCE TO THE U.N. LINES IS ONLY 300 YARDS - THREE CITY BLOCKS - BUT IT TAKES JOE AND MULVANEY ALL NIGHT TO MAKE THE TRIP. FINALLY, THE NEXT MORNING...

AND MCCrackEN DID GET THROUGH, FOR SUDDENLY...



YIPPEE! OUR FLY-GUYS!



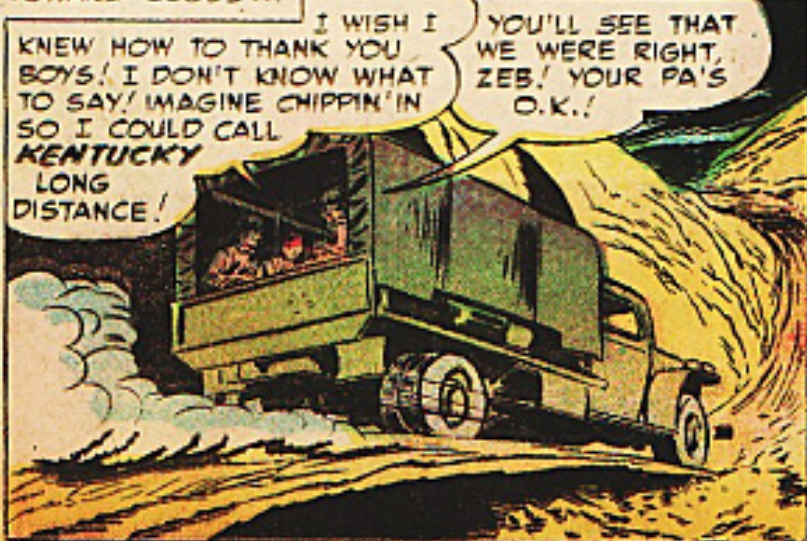
AND SOON IT'S ALL OVER...

LOOTENANT! I GOT AN ODD FAVOR TO ASK - BUT IT'LL MEAN A LOT TO ONE SWELL GUY!

ALL RIGHT, BURCH! WHAT IS IT?



THE REQUEST IS GRANTED. JOE SPEAKS TO SOME OF HIS BUDDIES, AND THAT EVENING A TRUCK ROLLS TOWARD SEOUL...



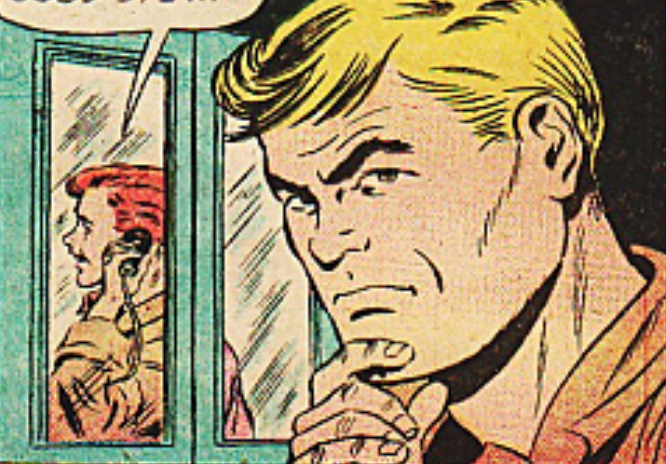
HALLO! HALLO! THAT YOU, EMMY LOU? THIS HYAR'S YER BROTHER, ZEB! YEAH - ZEB! HOW'S PAW, EMMY LOU? HOW IS HE?



HE'S SITTIN' UP, AN' ALREADY ASKIN' FER HIS CORN LIKKER! WHEN YA COMIN' HOME, ZEB? WE ALL MISSES YUH!



IT'LL BE AGES AFORE I'LL BE ABLE TO COME HOME, EMMY LOU - BUT... OH-OH, TIME'S UP! GOTTA HANG UP, GOOD-BYE, GOOD-BYE...



A DOUGHBOY IS MADE HAPPY. ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE UNPREDICTABLE G.I. AND BACK IN A REST CAMP, JOE HAS ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR ZEB AS HE SPEAKS TO LIEUTENANT PARKER...

LOOTENANT, I WAS THINKIN' IT OVER. MCCrackEN COULD DO MORE WITH MY FURLOUGH THAN I CAN! SUSIE CAN WAIT- BUT MAYBE ZEB'S PAW CAN'T!

BURCH! THIS NEW REQUEST AND THAT PHONE CALL YOU BOYS FINANCED IN SEOUL - I'M PROUD OF ALL OF YOU! TELL MCCrackEN I WANT TO SEE HIM!



DID YOU-ALL WANT T' SEE ME, LOOTENANT?

MCCrackEN, BURCH IS GIVING UP HIS FURLOUGH SO YOU CAN GO HOME TO YOUR FATHER!

AW, GEE, LOOTENANT! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PUT IT THAT WAY!



BE READY TO LEAVE WITH THE TRUCK IN AN HOUR, MCCrackEN! HAVE A NICE TRIP!

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT T'SAY! I DIDN'T THINK NOBODY WOULD DO THIS FOR ME!

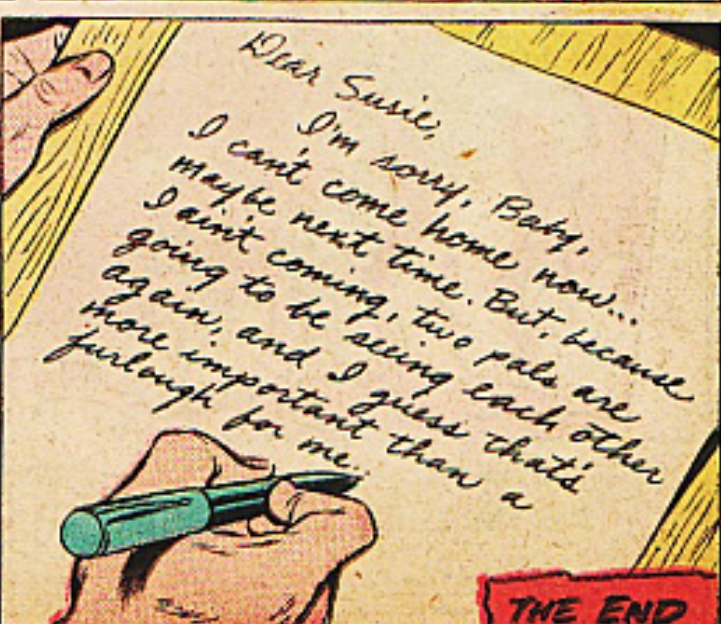
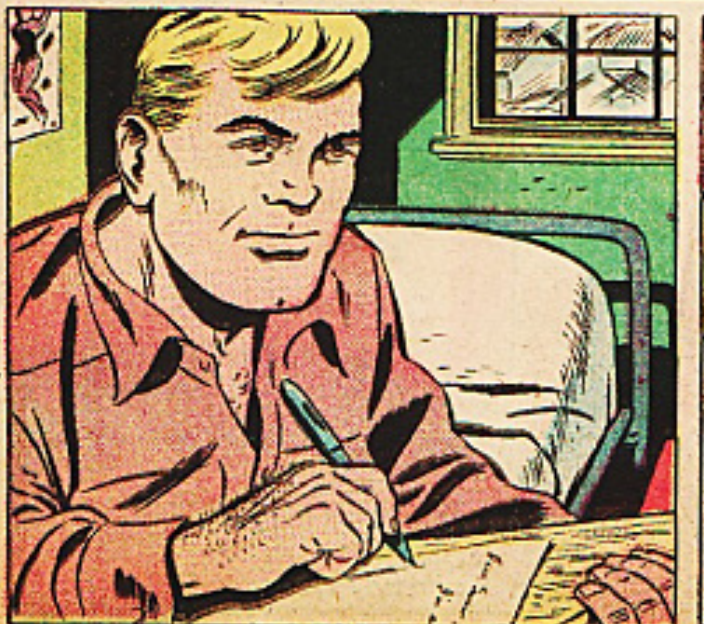
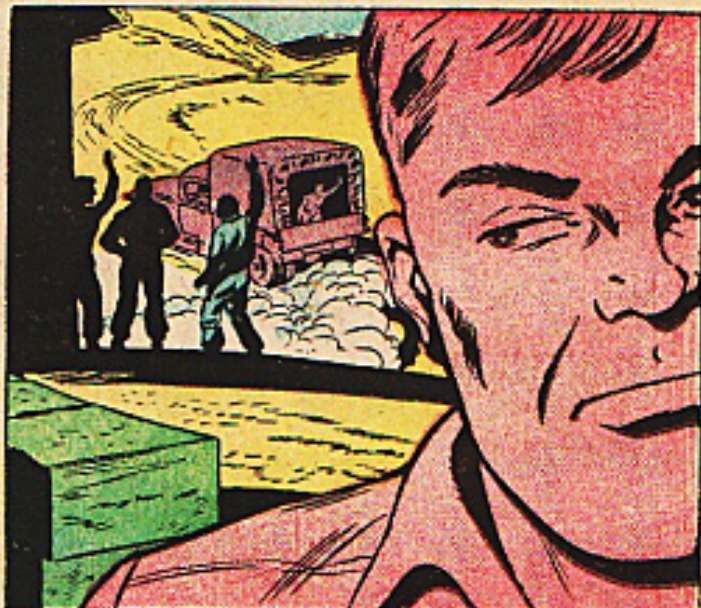
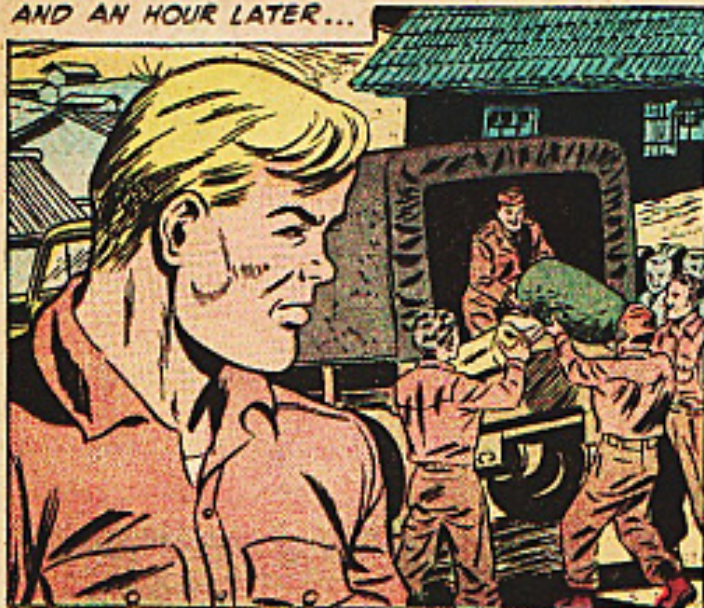


I'M ALL CHOKED UP, JOE... I WISH I KNEW HOW TO THANK YA! HERE, TAKE CARE O' M' SHOOTIN' IRON TILL I GET BACK... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I'D EVER TRUST TO TAKE CARE OF BABY...

I-ILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, ZEB! GOOD LUCK!



AND AN HOUR LATER...



THE END

★ AMERICA'S NEWEST COMICS STAR ★

Read! — — See!

Beanbags



Read! — — See!

Beanbags

Read! — See!

INTRODUCING

BEANBAGS, Idabelle,
Bozo, King Notzo Mportant,
and Dismal Dick—
The Seegar Smokin' Seagull.

THE ROAD TO ZANYTOPIA!

is paved with problems—
Can Beanbags solve 'em?

CULINARY CAPERS!

C'mon in,
the Zanymulch is fine!—
But what is it?

SHIPWRECKED!

Hot sun and warm South Seas
Can cool heads prevail?

⚓ **Plus** ⚓
HARDTACK!

TOWLINE TILLIE!
SAVED BY A FISH!

**Come aboard
for a riot
of thrills and laughter!**

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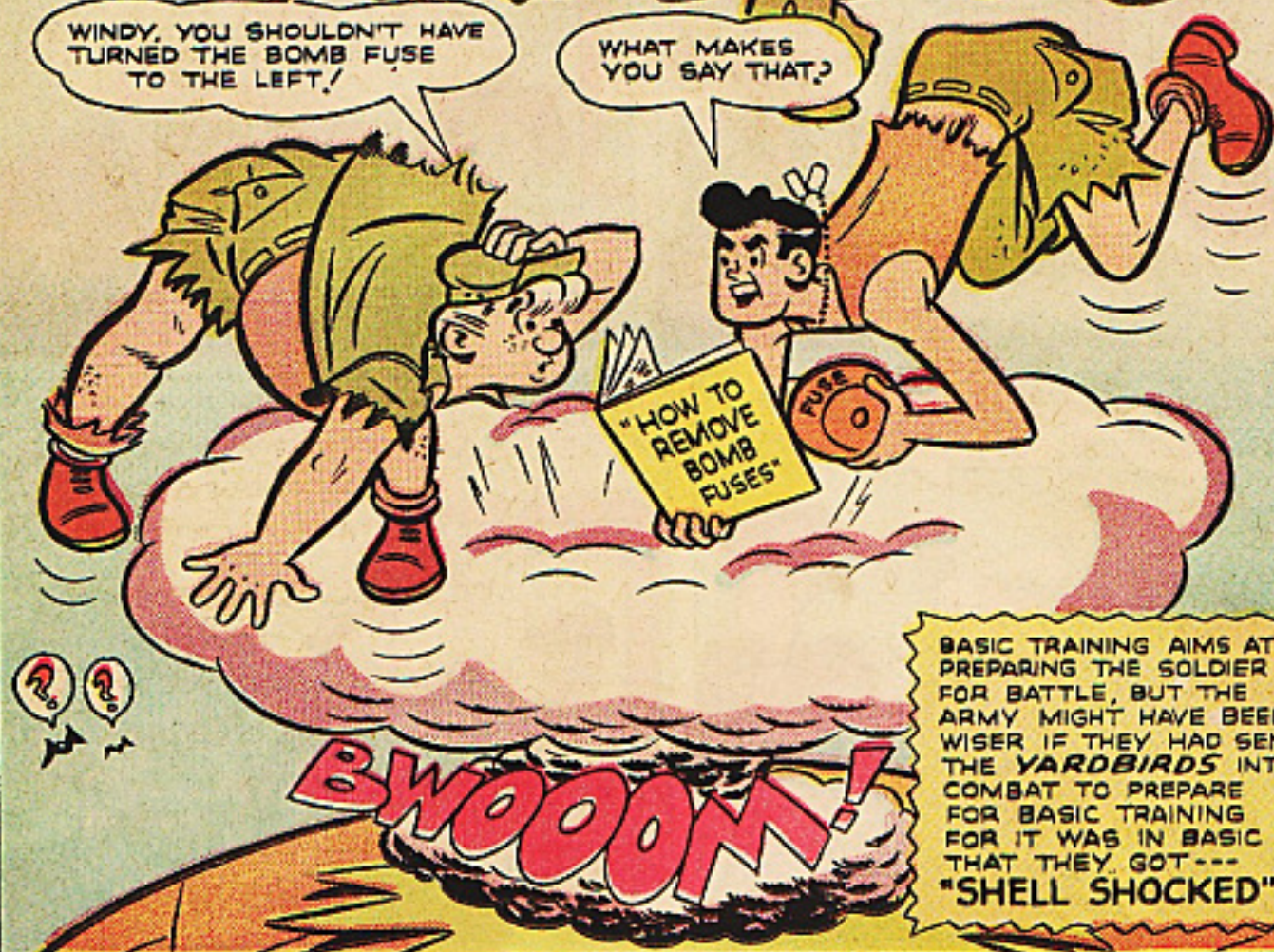
Ziff-Davis Publishing Company

366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

The YARDBIRDS

WINDY, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TURNED THE BOMB FUSE TO THE LEFT!

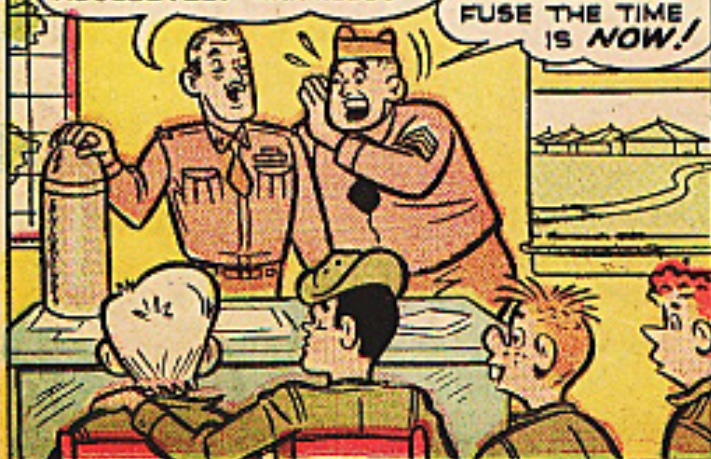
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?



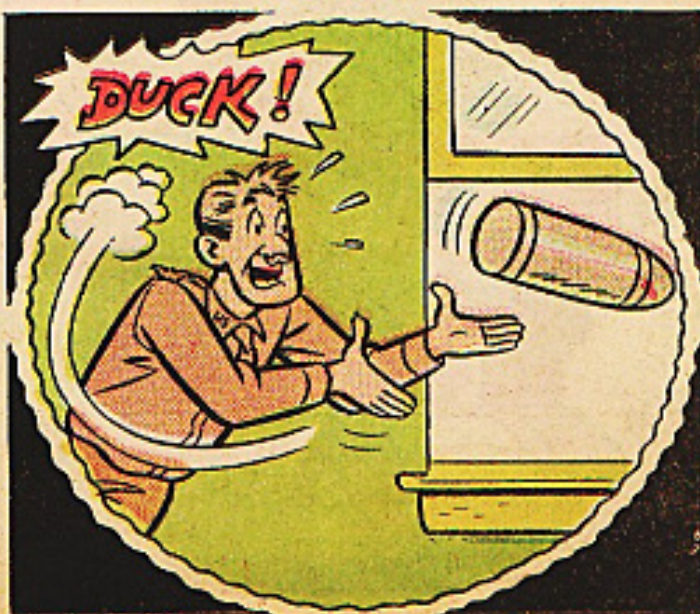
BASIC TRAINING AIMS AT PREPARING THE SOLDIER FOR BATTLE, BUT THE ARMY MIGHT HAVE BEEN WISER IF THEY HAD SENT THE YARDBIRDS INTO COMBAT TO PREPARE FOR BASIC TRAINING FOR IT WAS IN BASIC THAT THEY GOT --- "SHELL SHOCKED"

MEN, THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR ABOUT SHELLS AS LONG AS YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! NOW **THIS** SHELL IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS---

EXCUSE ME, SIR... B-BUT THAT SHELL IS **ARMED** WITH A TIME FUSE THE TIME IS **NOW!**



DUCK!





I AM BASIL G. MURKATROD, MAYOR OF FLATVILLE, AND I'VE COME TO SEE HOW OUR BOYS ARE PREPARED FOR COMBAT! OH, YES-- I WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THAT NICE RECEPTION! YOU REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO GET OFF THAT EXPLOSION JUST FOR ME!

ER... THINK NOTHING OF IT, MAYOR. I HOPE IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU.



COULDN'T SCARE ME, COLONEL! I WAS AT ARGONNE FOREST IN THE FIRST WAR! NOW I'D LIKE YOUR BEST MAN TO SHOW ME AROUND! I'M MOST INTERESTED IN THE TRAINING PROGRAM!

WELL, THIS ISN'T MY BEST MAN, YOUR HONOR-- BUT HE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND! THIS IS PRIVATE WHITEY HICKS!



PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, SON!

GOSH, MR. MAYOR, CAN I TAKE ALONG MY PAL, WINDY?



ANY FRIEND OF YOURS IS A FRIEND OF MINE! SEE YOU LATER, COLONEL!

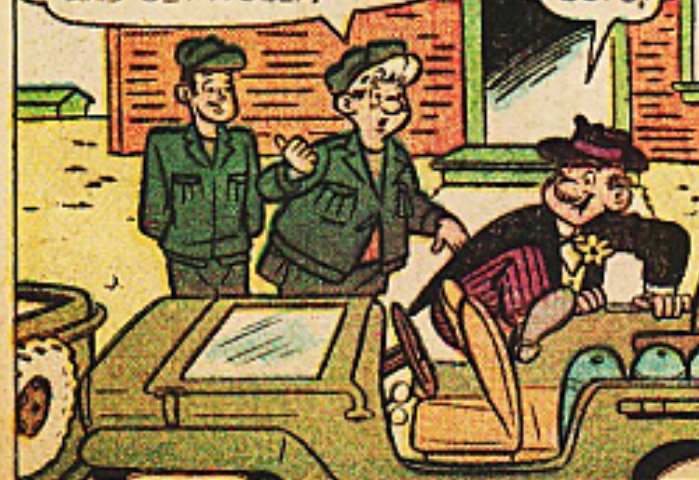
REMEMBER MEN... THERE'S NO REASON TO FEAR SHELLS ONCE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM!

BOY! ... AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THOSE YARDBIRDS!



I GUESS YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THE ARTILLERY RANGE AND THE INFILTRATION COURSE! I'LL CALL THE MOTOR POOL AND GET A JEEP!

THIS ONE WILL DO FINE... HOP IN, BOYS!



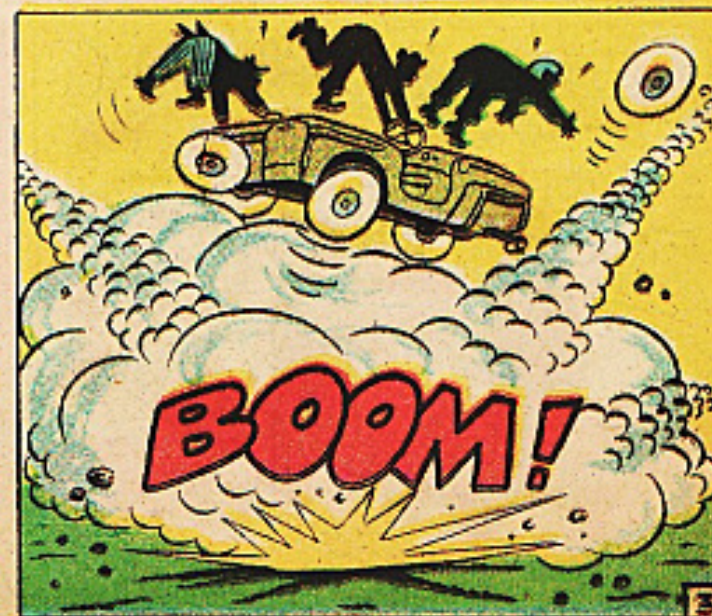
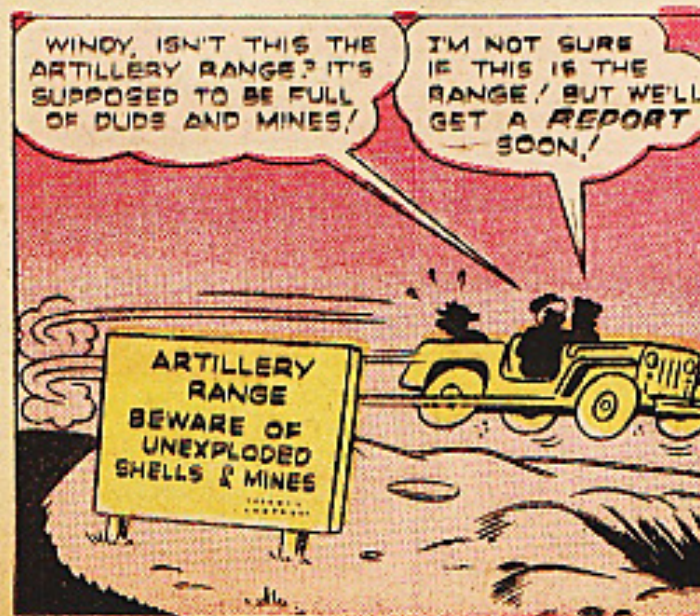
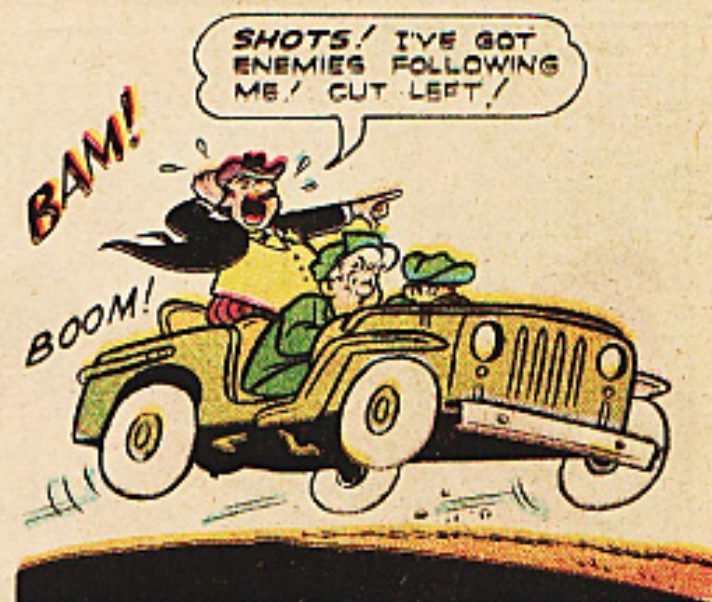
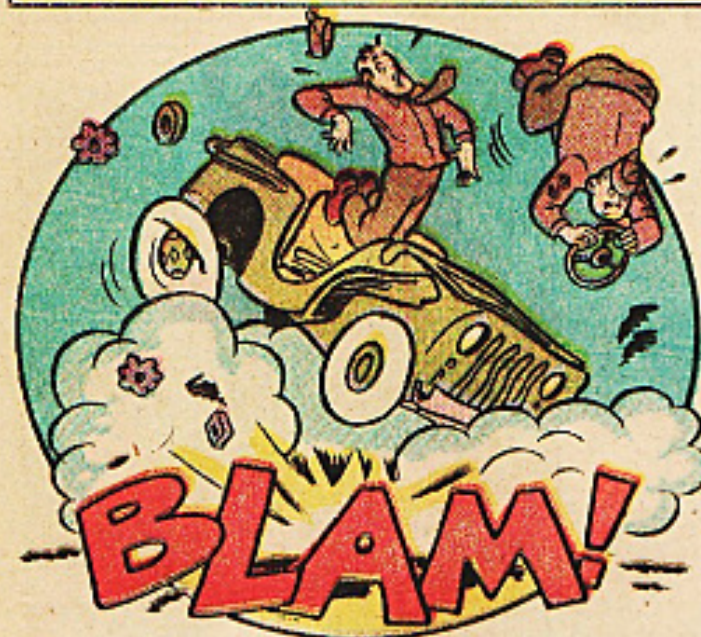
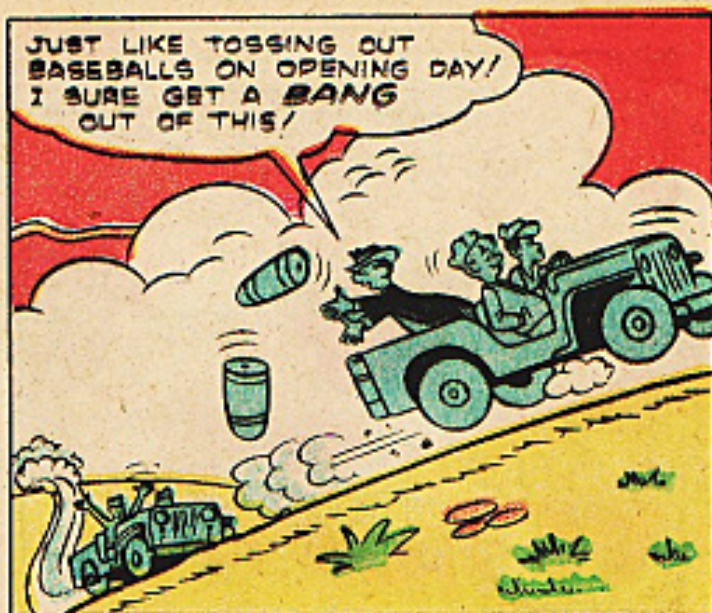
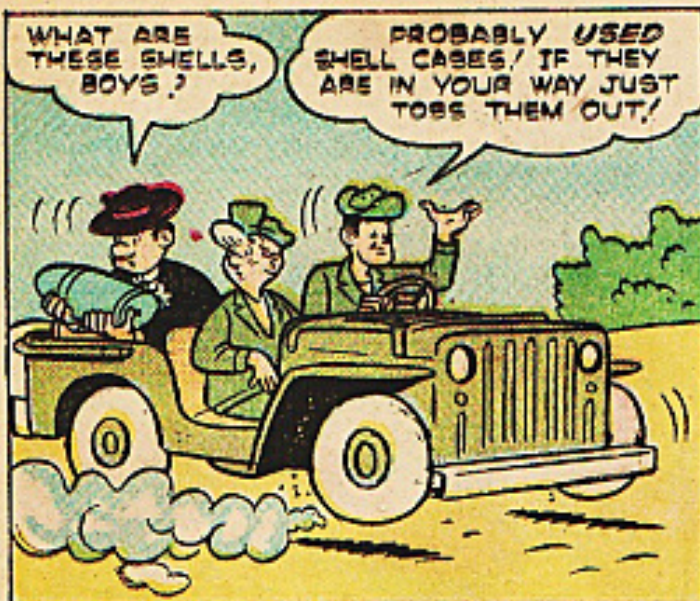
SECONDS LATER...

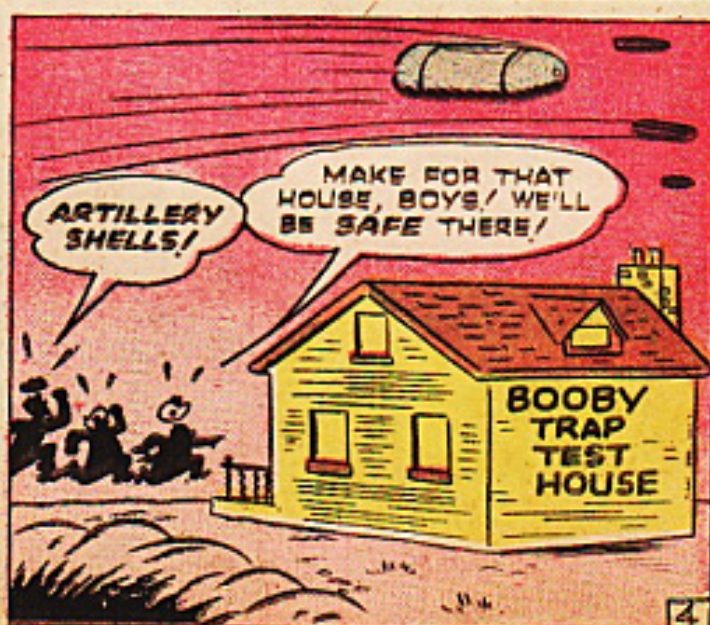
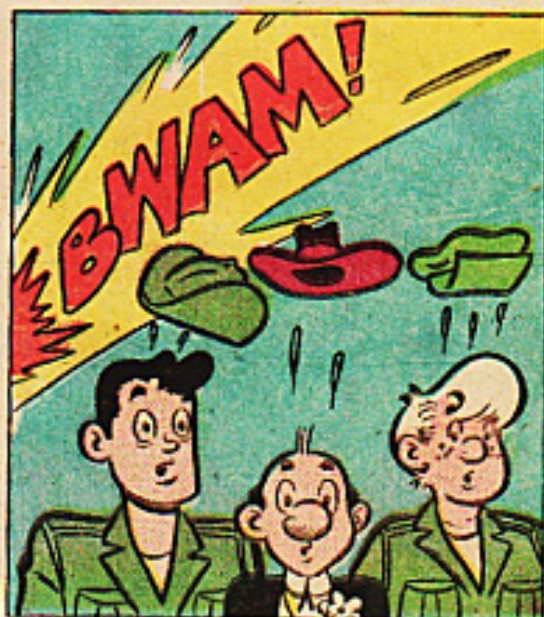
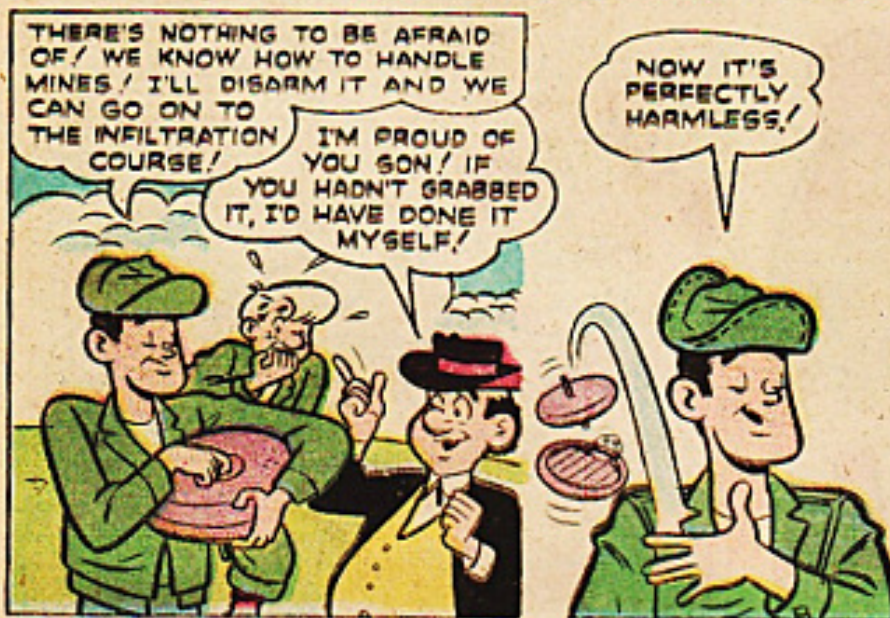
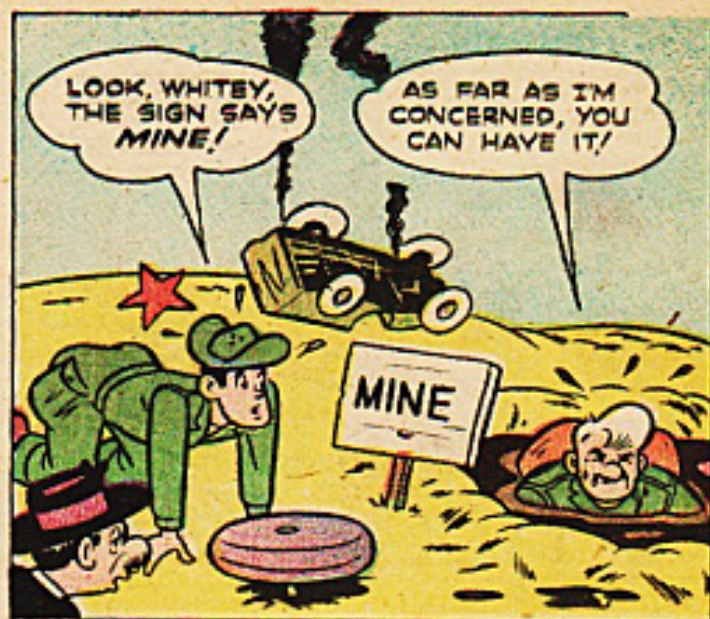
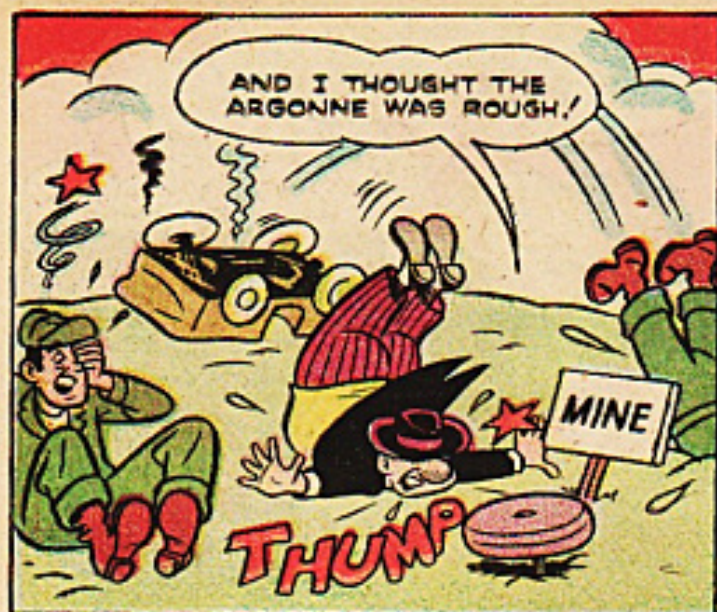
COLONEL, SOMEONE STOLE MY JEEP AND THERE ARE LIVE SHELLS IN THE BACK!

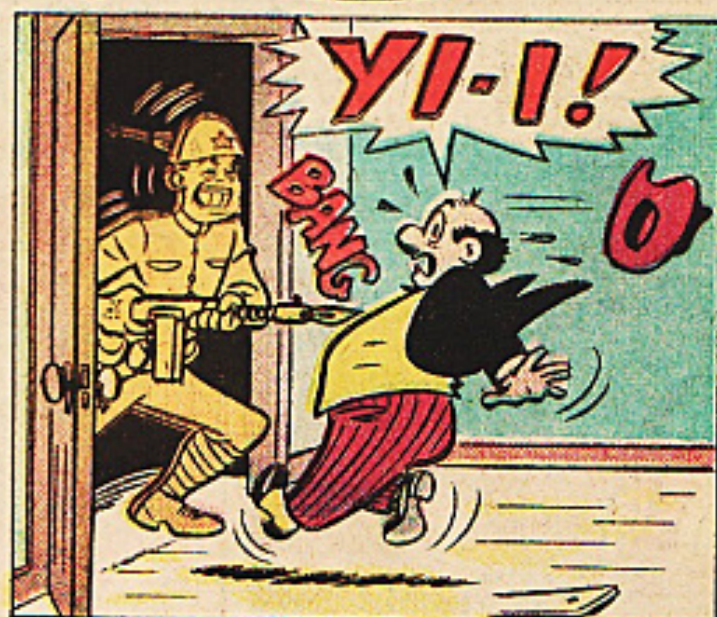
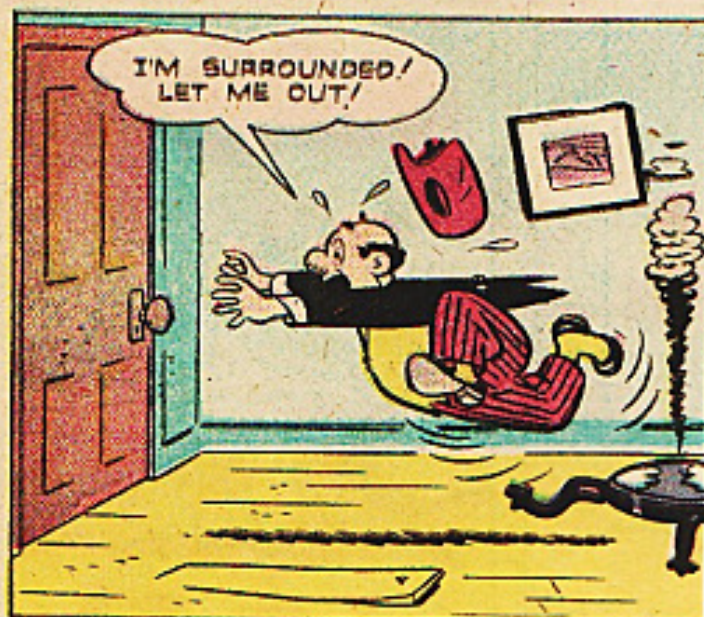
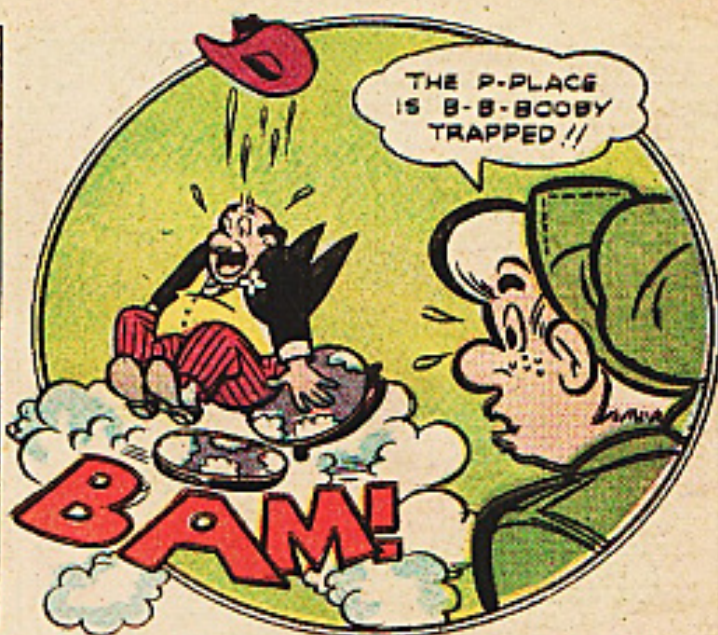
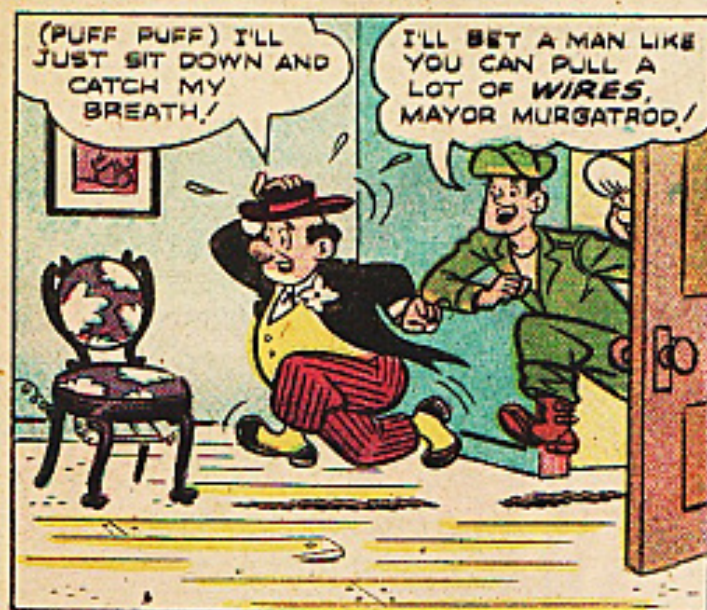
YIPE!!! IF THE MAYOR FINDS OUT ABOUT THOSE SHELLS-- HE'LL BLOW HIS TOP!

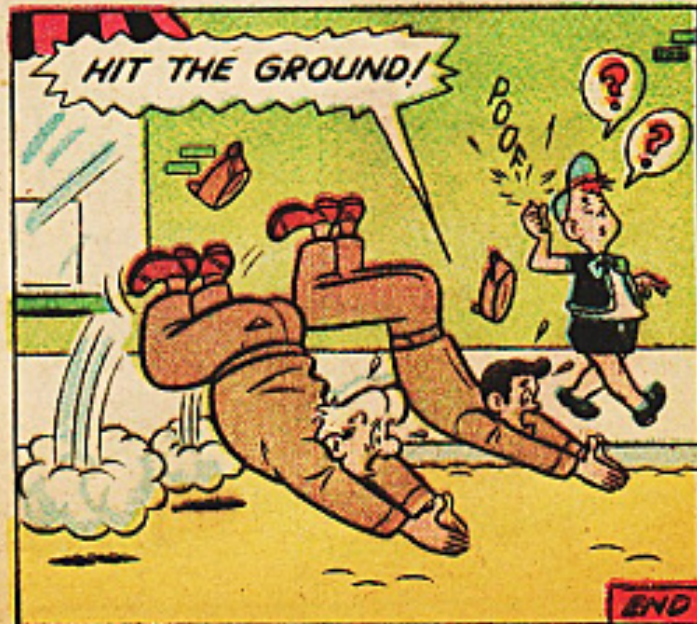
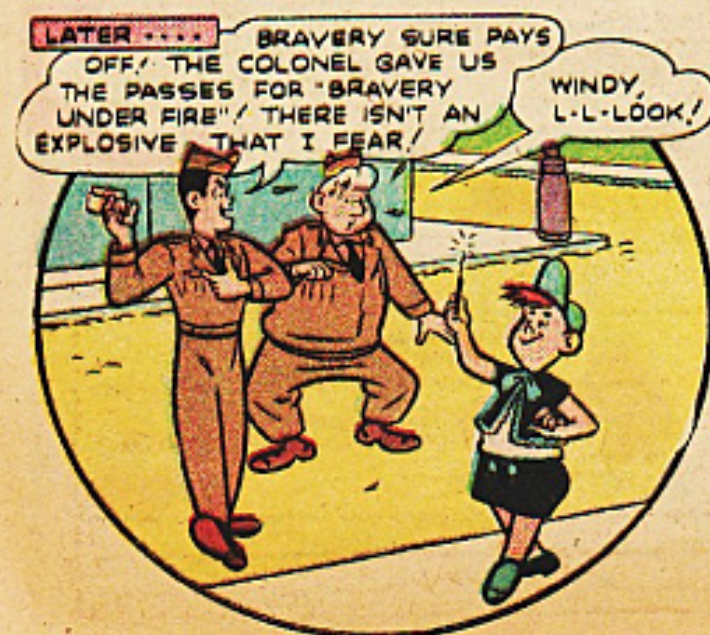
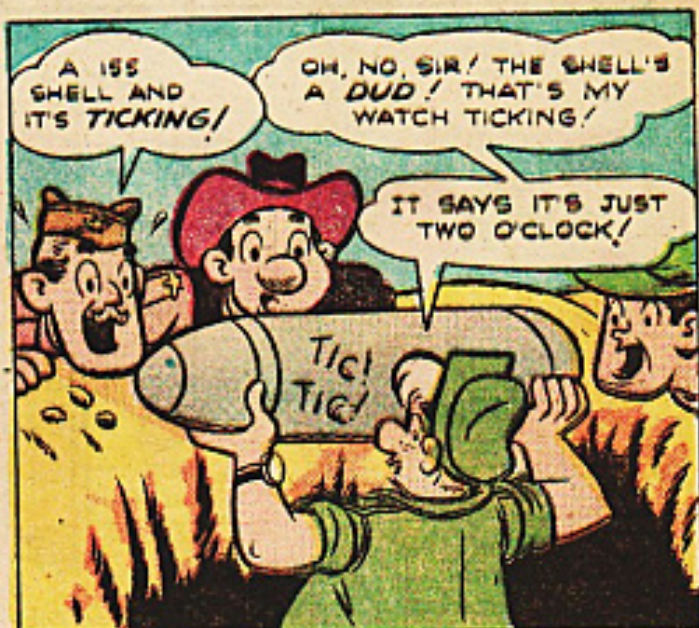
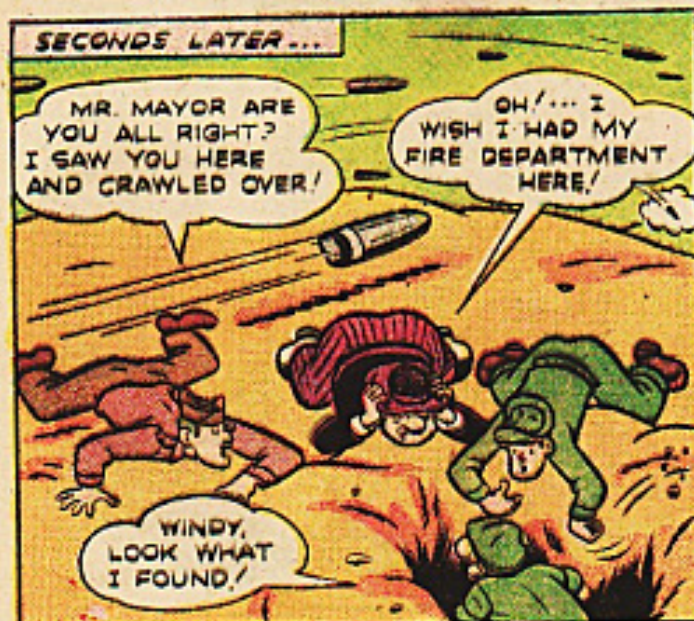
WE CAN CHASE THEM IN YOUR JEEP!











END

Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



Fun...Thrills...Action
see special coupon offer!

SPECIAL COUPON OFFER
ALL FOR 25¢

See all the
Lionel Trains
and accessories
in Catalogue

HEAR Bells...
whistles...
horns... on
this railroad
sound effects
record.



**TEN
FULL-
COLOR
BILLBOARDS**



This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma... everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

5½" double-faced phonograph record* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed spindle or automatic changers.

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 56,
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y.

I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 5½" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

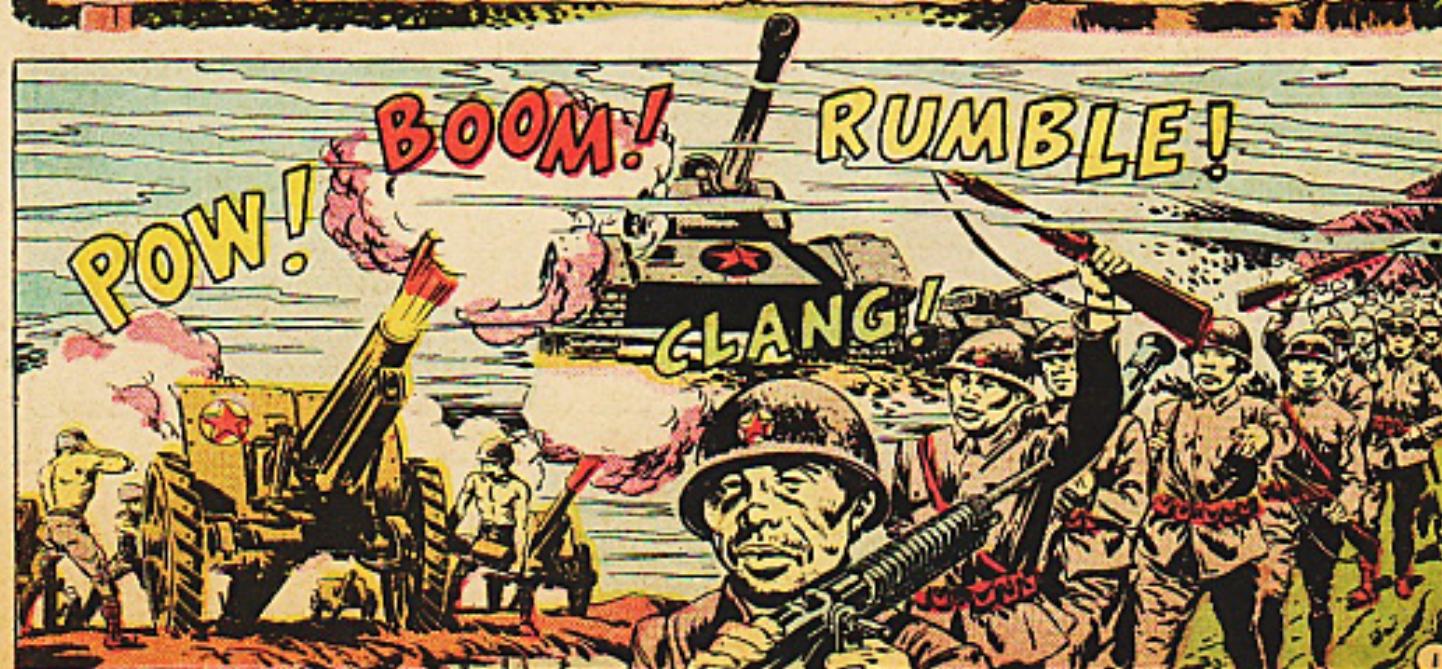
G.I. Joe

"the Corporal's Tree"

攻擊此方面!!
南部隊乃隱所!



WITH U.S. AIRPOWER THROTTLED BY A THICK FOG WHICH BLANKETS KOREA, THE COMMUNIST ENEMY PLANS A HUGE OFFENSIVE TO PUSH THE U.N. ARMIES INTO THE SEA. OUR SCENE IS COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THE RED HIGH COMMAND IS ORDERING THE START OF THE BIG DRIVE...





WHEN'RE WE GONNA STOP RUNNIN' AN FIGHT THESE GUYS, SARGE?

YA GOT ME, JOE! AS LONG AS THIS LOUSY FOG KEEPS UP THE REDS GOT US WHERE THEY WANT US!

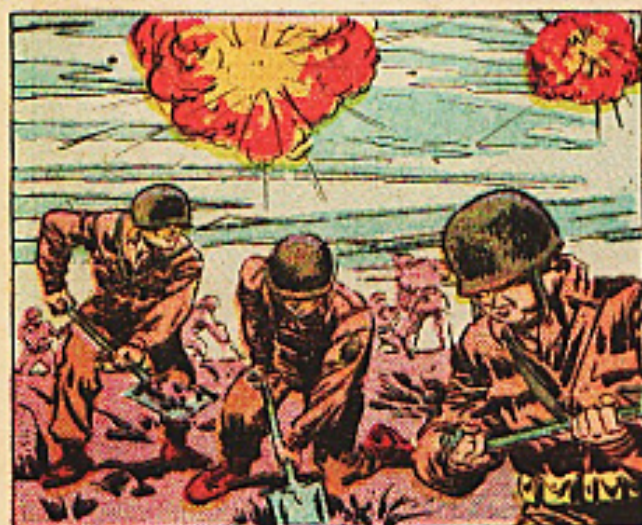


YEAH! THIS FOG HAS BEEN WITH US THREE WEEKS ALREADY! AN' WHEN YA CAN'T GET YER JETS IN THE AIR FOR THAT LONG, WHAT CAN YA DO?

YOU'RE RIGHT, CARPUCCIO! THIS BLASTED FOG EATS RIGHT THROUGH YA!



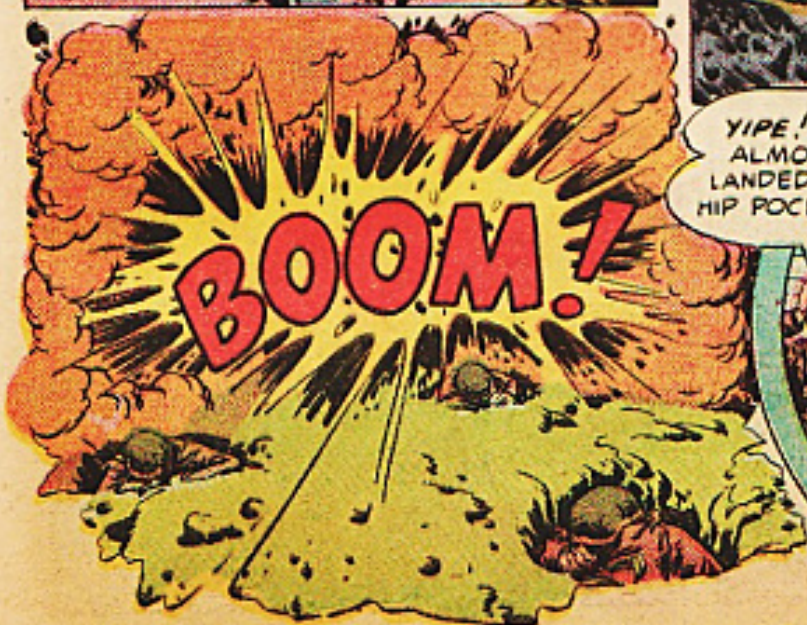
DIG IN, CHAPS! WE'RE MAKING OUR STAND HERE!



ARTILLERY'S GETTIN' CLOSE, SARGE!

NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, JOE! THOSE REDS CAN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN ON A CLEAR DAY!

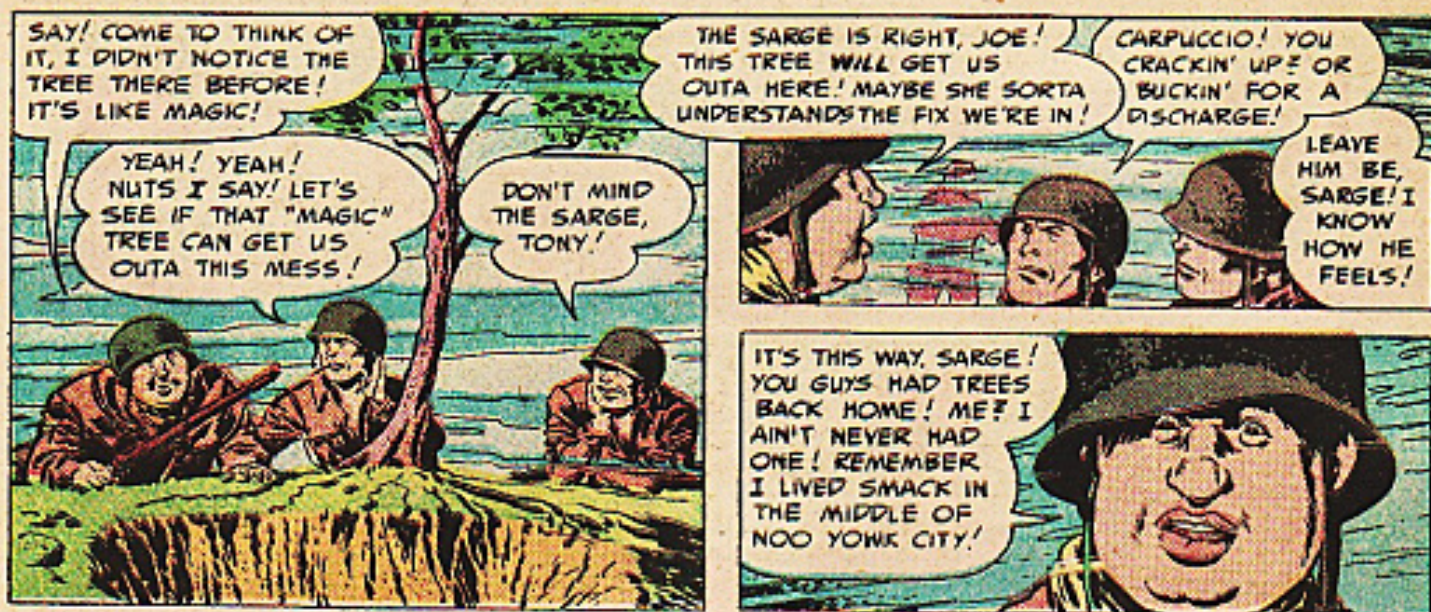
HEY, GUYS! I HEAR ONE COMIN'!! DUCK!!



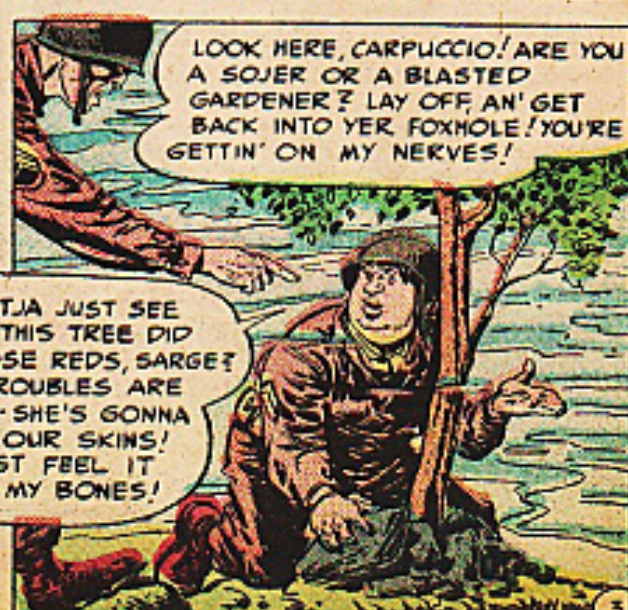
YIPE! THAT ALMOST LANDED IN MY HIP POCKET!

JOE! SARGE! LOOKA THAT, WILL YA? THAT LITTLE OL' TREE WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLAST--AN' SHE'S STILL STANDIN'!





THE ENEMY THROWS HIS INFANTRY AT THE GI'S AND A BLOODY BATTLE ENSUES. BUT THREE HOURS LATER, THE COMMUNIST FORCES HAVE FAILED TO DISLODGE THE U.N. ARMY!



DAYS PASS, AND THE FIRST PLATOON OF "BAKER" COMPANY GETS A BREATHER AS THE ENEMY PULLS BACK TO RE-GROUP. BUT CORPORAL CARPUCCIO IS HAVING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN...

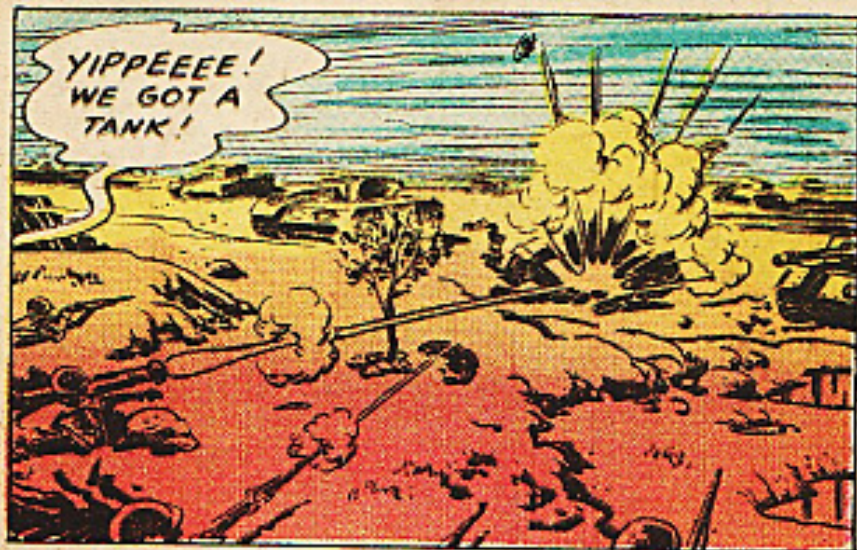
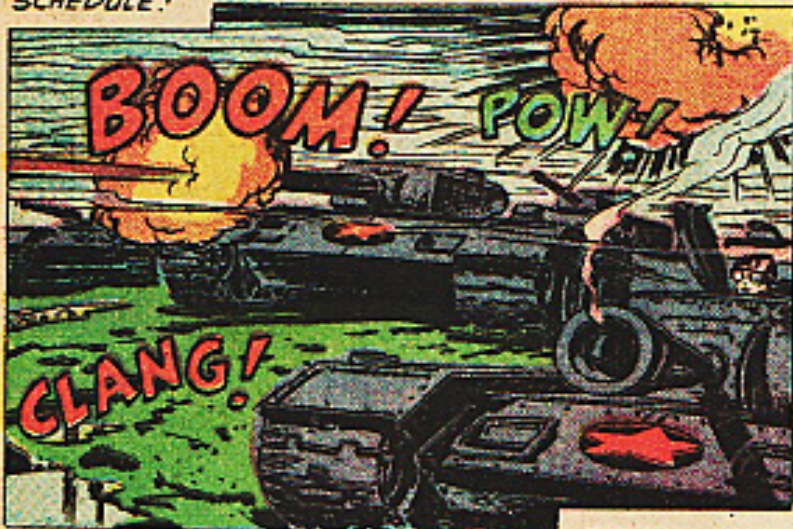


DAYS PASS, THE FOG CONTINUES AND THE DELAY TAKES ITS TOLL ON GI NERVES...





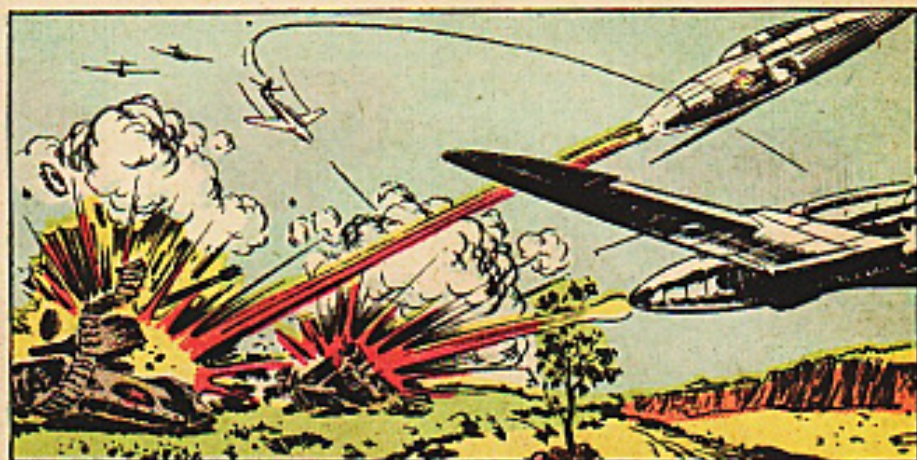
THE NEXT MORNING, WITH THE DENSE FOG STILL HOVERING OVER THE BATTLE LINES, THE ENEMY TANKS ARRIVE ON SCHEDULE!



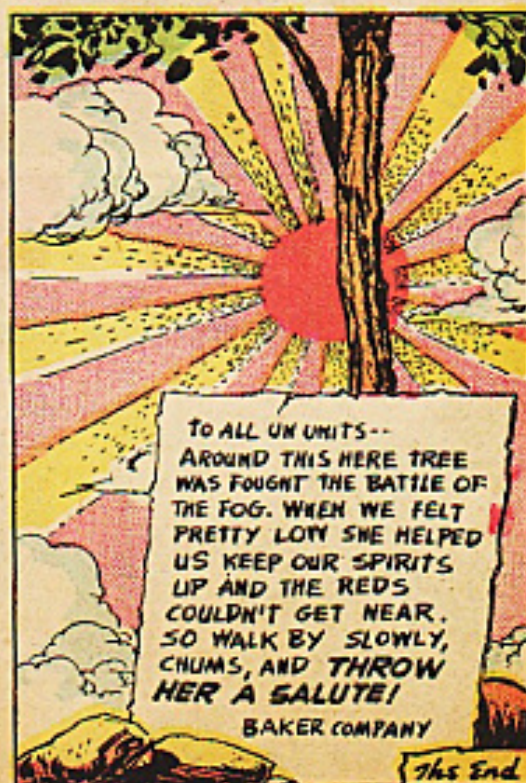
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE ENEMY TRIES TO ADVANCE BUT HEAVY ALLIED FIREPOWER DRIVES HIM BACK EACH TIME...



SUDDENLY THE FOG LIFTS
AND ...



WITH AMERICAN JETS PAVING THE
WAY, THE GI'S TAKE OFF AFTER
THE FLEEING ENEMY...

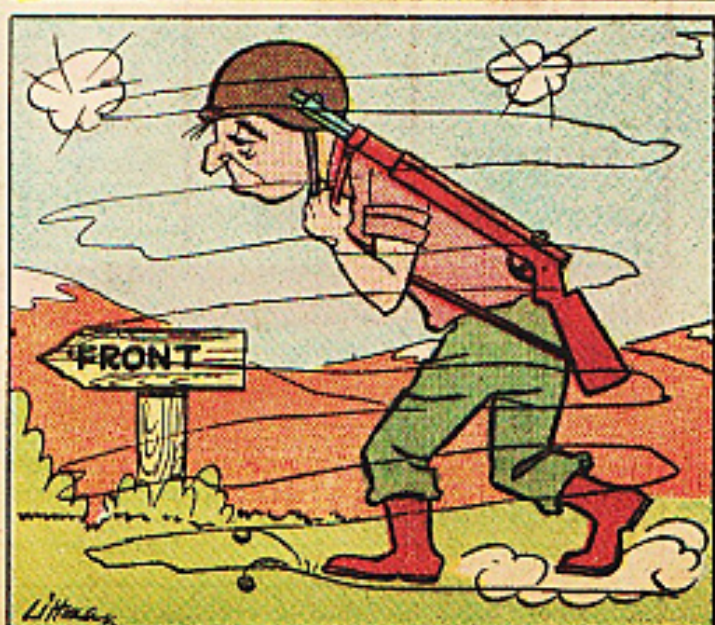
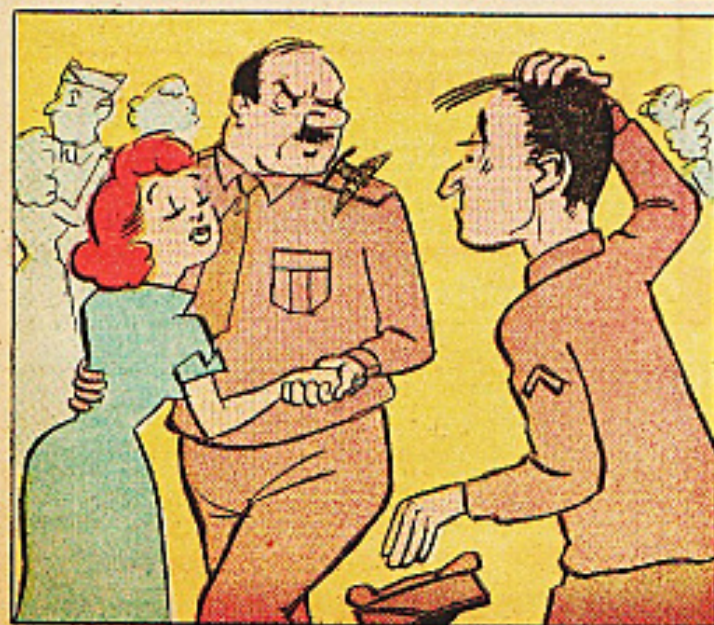
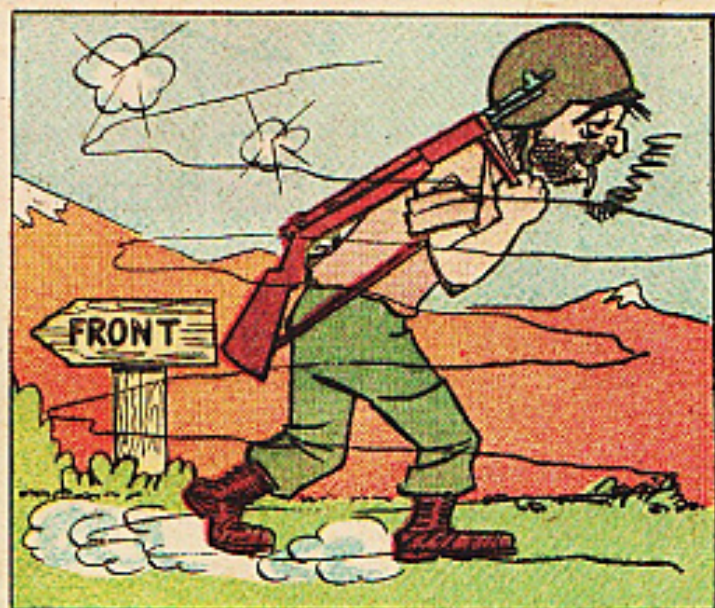


TO ALL UN UNITS--
AROUND THIS HERE TREE
WAS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF
THE FOG. WHEN WE FELT
PRETTY LOW SHE HELPED
US KEEP OUR SPIRITS
UP AND THE REDS
COULDN'T GET NEAR.
SO WALK BY SLOWLY,
CHUMS, AND THROW
HER A SALUTE!

BAKER COMPANY

The End

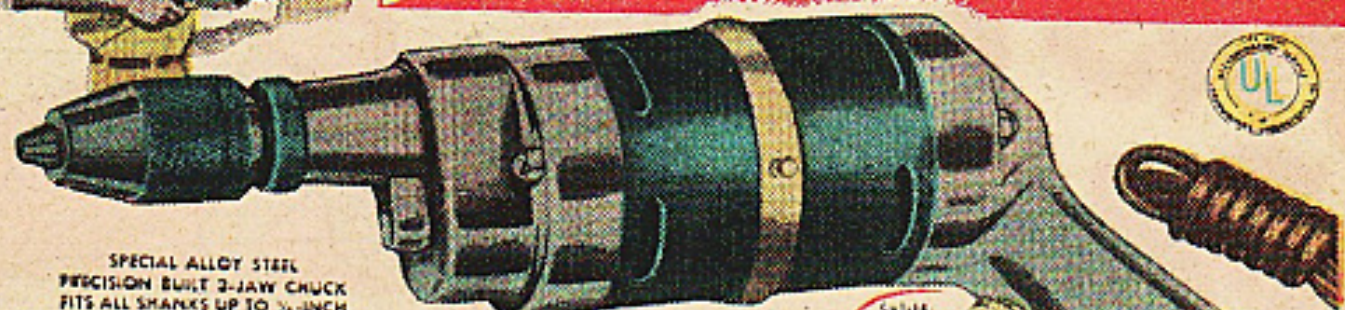
FAST DANCE





36-PIECE ELECTRIC WORK KIT

1001 Uses for Home, Workshop, Farm and Factory



SPECIAL ALLOY STEEL
PRECISION BUILT 3-JAW CHUCK
FITS ALL SHANKS UP TO 1/2-INCH

Never Before—Never Again
a Value Like This

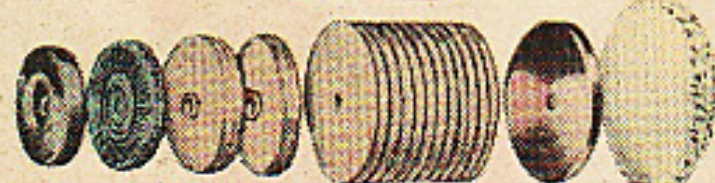
Everything
You Need
for only

\$14⁹⁵
COMPLETE

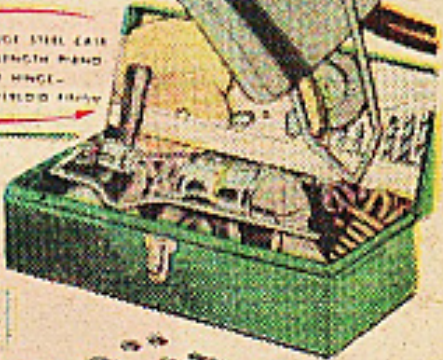
STEEL BENCH STAND INCLUDED
USE AS BENCH OR HAND TOOL

CHUCK
HANDLE
ON AND OFF
SWITCH

HEAVY GAUGE STEEL CASE
WITH FULL LENGTH HAND
PIPE COVER HINGE—
BLUE HAMMERED FINISH



YOU'LL FIND 1001 WAYS TO USE THESE MANY ACCESSORIES FOR
• BUFFING • CLEANING • DRILLING • RUST REMOVING • GRINDING • POLISHING
• RUBBING • WIRE BRUSHING • SANDING • WAXING • SHARPENING • MIXING PAINT



POLISHES SANDS SHARPENS 	DRILLS MIXES 	BRUSHES BUFFS
--	---------------------------------------	--

Try For 10 Days In Your Own Home
On Our No-Risk Examination Offer!

See for yourself how FAST and EASY
THIS AMAZING ELECTRIC WORK KIT
enables you to do those tough jobs

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is the 1st time this 36-piece Electric Work Kit has ever been offered by us for the LOW PRICE of only \$14.95. You must be entirely satisfied and agree it is the great value we represent it to be or you can return the kit within 10 days for full refund.

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, 1227 Loyola, Chicago 26, IL.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail This "No-Risk" Coupon Today!

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1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the 36-Piece Electric Work Kit, complete as shown, C.O.D. at your special LOW PRICE of only \$14.95 plus C.O.D. postage charges. I must be delighted in every way or I can return Kit within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____

Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you to own the kind of Electric Drill Work Kit you've always wanted—at a price many dollars below what you might ordinarily expect to pay for such a quality outfit. You'll be delighted with the way this miracle Electric Work Kit of 1001 uses performs. You'll be amazed to see how quickly its accessory pieces enable you to automatically complete one job after another—with the greatest of ease and skill. No man can afford to be without this many purpose Electric Drill Kit. Yet even housewives will find it invaluable for polishing, buffing and sharpening hundreds of household items. This marvelous new work-saver is precision built throughout of sturdiest materials—is fully covered with a written guarantee and is Underwriters Laboratories approved. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions are included with every kit.

HURRY! Get Yours While Supply Lasts!

These Kits will go fast on this Bargain Offer so
RUSH YOUR ORDER on the Handy Coupon Today!

OUR ARMY AND ITS WEAPONS — The **GARAND** RIFLE



DEVELOPED BY JOHN C. GARAND, THIS SEMI-AUTOMATIC WEAPON IS CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST EFFICIENT MILITARY RIFLE IN USE IN ANY ARMY TODAY.

THE GARAND RIFLE WAS OFFICIALLY ADOPTED AS THE STANDARD WEAPON OF THE INFANTRY IN 1936 AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS AND THOROUGH TESTING BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS. IT REPLACES THE OLD BOLT ACTION SPRINGFIELD RIFLE.



BEFORE BEING ACCEPTED, THE WEAPON HAD TO PASS SUCH TESTS AS POURING SAND INTO THE BARREL AND MECHANISM, COVERING IT WITH MUD, DRENCHING IT IN WATER, AND BEING DROPPED WITH THE MAGAZINE OPEN.



THE GARAND (ALSO KNOWN AS THE M-1) HAS A BARREL ABOUT 22½ INCHES LONG, WHILE THE OVER-ALL LENGTH OF THE RIFLE IS 43 INCHES. ITS EFFECTIVE MILITARY FIRING RANGE IS FROM 600 TO 1000 YARDS.



AN EXPERT RIFLEMAN CAN ATTAIN A FIRING SPEED OF 100 AIMED SHOTS A MINUTE WITH THE GARAND. NORMAL SPEED IS 40 SHOTS PER MINUTE.



EACH GARAND RIFLE COSTS THE GOVERNMENT \$80.00 TO PRODUCE AND CONTAINS 72 PARTS. A .30 CALIBRE CARTRIDGE IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO ASSEMBLE AND DISASSEMBLE IT. THE SHARP NOSE OF THIS BULLET IS ALL THAT IS REQUIRED TO START AND FINISH THE ENTIRE JOB.

